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Around Town.

A week ago the *Telegram's* libel suit was brought to a proper close by a verdict for the defendant. I believe the jury but expressed the almost unanimous opinion of the citizens. The manner in which public works have been managed in Toronto has long been a scandal. Councils have succeeded councils, aldermen have been elected, have resigned, been defeated, married, have died and another generation of aldermen has come and gone since it was first known that we did not get value for money expended in public improvements. Mayor after mayor has endeavored to reform the abuses which everyone knew existed, but the evils rather than the reformations have gone on thriving with the growth of the city. As pavements became more numerous, speculations became more glaring, till at last shoddy work and unblushing disregard of specifications were established as the rule, so much so that in court an inspector without seeming to realize that he had done anything wrong testified that the College street pavement was as good as any other and seemed to imagine that our villainously bad pavements rather than the specifications signed by the contractors were to be the standard by which he was to judge the work.

Public opinion, too, had begun to accept what was apparently the inevitable and citizens saw defective pavements put down before their door, and, though knowing they would have to pay for them and appreciating that the work was being scamped, shrugged their shoulders and supposed it was impossible to have it done right. Mayor Clarke more than any other mayor Toronto has had within my memory, has made most strenuous and well directed efforts to re-organize the public works of Toronto. I believe the city generally admits that no one has ever before accomplished so much for Toronto on the same lines. His first task in office was to endeavor to unravel the strings which after hanging loose had been tightened up the wrong way and almost inextricably tangled. The Don improvements and a dozen other things have been manfully dealt with, the public works department re-organized and capable men appointed, but it was impossible for one man to do everything, particularly when the city engineer has proven such a weak and useless sister.

The *Telegram* in attacking the pavement problem consequently tackled a question which needed attack, and has done the city a signal service in exposing the manner in which public works are constructed. I am not surprised to see the small amount of sympathy the *Telegram* has received from the other newspapers of the city. I have read them all closely and have noticed that the briefest reports were given of the trial, only a paragraph to the verdict and not a line of editorial applauding the valiant effort of a contemporary, except in the case of one journal which, without naming the paper concerned, expressed a faint hearted approval of Mr. John Ross Robertson's sturdy fight. I have had occasion before now to point out that jealousy prevents every Toronto newspaper from assisting its rivals or standing shoulder to shoulder with other journals in a fight for right. In almost every instance when a journalist is a candidate for office or receives any mark of public approbation, his rivals dismiss the whole matter with a paragraph or are found in direct opposition. Like bad pavements, this has become the rule, and it is by no means a pretty posture. Mr. John Ross Robertson, the proprietor of the *Telegram*, has not been free from this general tendency to ignore and belittle his opponents, and therefore must not feel surprised at the conduct of the other newspapers, but the public have a right to demand different conduct from those journals which are supposed to fight for the right and expose wrong doing wherever it is found. Had the suit between Farquhar and Robertson been a church squabble or litigation between contractors, long and elaborate reports would have been given, but the petty pique, the fear that they would be giving an opposition newspaper an advertisement, have withheld the city press from doing what is obviously a public duty. It is possible that Mr. Robertson undertook the fight because he thought it would be good for the *Telegram*. The citizens who are benefited care very little whether he did it because it was right or because he thought it would ultimately pay him to do it. It should be made apparent by every newspaper, by every citizen, that the man who does right in a public capacity, whether it be as a contractor or as editor or publisher of a newspaper, should be rewarded by the approbation of all good citizens. I would not say that the *Telegram* has not somewhat nullified the benefits of a gallant fight by too many complimentary references to itself. Without any briefer cap editorials and italicized quotations eulogistic of itself, Toronto would have thoroughly appreciated all that it has accomplished. These things are apt to injure rather than benefit a newspaper, and when coupled with attacks upon the mayor and other men who are doubtless conscientious in the course they are pursuing a still more serious amount is subtracted from the grand total of good.

Yet it is the most natural thing in the world for a newspaper after having accomplished much to feel like impressing its readers with the fact that it has gone out to battle and returned with its enemy chained to its chariot wheels. I do not quote these slight lapses from good taste and what I would esteem to be

good judgment in order to belittle what Mr. John Ross Robertson has accomplished. He knew when he went into the fight, that even if he won, thousands of dollars would not repay him for the loss of time and energy, the worry and anxiety and the large amounts he must necessarily pay to counsel and to secure witnesses. If a man is not to receive credit for spending his money, energy and time in the public service will somebody please tell us what in newspaperdom deserves appreciation? The judge remarked that a few dollars and a fumbling apology would have satisfied the contractors and no one but a newspaper publisher knows the great temptation to yield even in a righteous cause when nothing but perplexity and expense are held up as a reward of honest criticism and a gritty fight. If a newspaper is to be met by a conspiracy of silence on the part of its contemporaries, it has its motives impugned, to hear

over half a million dollars (and by the way I hear the C. P. R. are interested in this matter), a new Music Hall is under way, and the Board of Trade building which, before it is completed, will cost in the neighborhood of \$400,000, and these things, together with the many semi-public enterprises which follow in the wake of large expenditures, it is estimated will bring the total amount up to nearly twelve million dollars in the space of three or four years. This enormous amount cannot be expended without attracting not only the artisan, who will engage directly in the works, but capitalists and manufacturers, and others who, observing that Toronto is becoming the great city of Canada, will hasten to locate themselves in the largest centre of consumption and the most favorable point for distribution. Our unsurpassed educational facilities have already brought to Toronto many of those who have sufficient means to live without

plowing will be as difficult as in a stumpy field. A bad feature of this boom in rural building lots is that money which should not be diverted from legitimate trade is being invested in properties which cannot be remunerative for building purposes within the next twenty years, even if Toronto progresses as rapidly as its most enthusiastic and over-sanguine citizens hope for. Farms are actually changing hands at so much per foot in the neighborhood of Mimico, which has no more claim as a suitable place of residence than Duffin's Creek. In a northerly direction town lots have reached Hogg's Hollow, and down east the land bristles with stakes for an hour's walk. The people who buy these remote patches of ground with the idea of building on them must be aware that sidewalks, gas lamps, water mains cannot approach them until they are so old that all they will need will be a plot in a cemetery. A great many of those who

until we have some system of cheap and rapid transit. And how comes it that this folly of outside speculation continues to grow, until people are buying town lots so far away from the city that they will have to take a horse and buggy or a pair of seven-leagued boots to get the occupant to his work inside of an hour?

Summarized, the whole thing means this: Property in old Toronto is certain to be a remunerative investment, because there is but little land for sale or procurable, while the frills and sub-frills, annexes and estates are in competition with the rest of the county, and there are millions of lots waiting to be staked out from Eglinton to Richmond Hill, and between here and Oakville on one side and Whitby on the other. As soon as people realize this, the suburban lot boom will go into its little cradle, and the investors will be left to "nurse the baby."

The report which comes from Ottawa that Mr. D'Alton McCarthy has severed his connection with the Conservative Union may not be true, but the feeling which gave rise to the rumor at least indicates that Mr. McCarthy is not in harmony with the "bosses" of his party and leads me more firmly to believe that he is about to retire and engage himself in provincial affairs. My guess may be wide of the mark, but since I first made the conjecture in these columns I have heard a great many people express themselves delighted with the prospect of seeing so vigorous a fighter on the benches opposite Mr. Mowat. Nor have they been slow to say they believed that it would not be long ere Mr. Meredith, assisted by Mr. McCarthy, would capture the treasury benches. I imagine Mr. Mowat would be surprised if he knew how many of those who have always voted with him and for him are becoming restive. As his administration grows older his inclination to seize upon all the powers within his reach is becoming so marked that even his best friends are becoming afraid of the future.

We hear much about the misgovernment of New York, but when we read that a gang of axemen have been chopping down the telegraph, telephone and electric light poles there, under instructions from the department of public works, we must recognize the fact that corporations are not permitted to run that city, even though they have almost unlimited wealth and influence. While the New York courts and civic officials are insisting upon public rights and endeavoring to prevent the further disfigurement of the city, an effort in the direction of underground channels and the protection of Toronto's streets from the hideous network of wires is sat upon by the Dominion Parliament, and we are forced to go on paving streets, thoroughly understanding that even if the corporations are not permanently triumphant we will have to rip up to-morrow what we have done to day in order to be abreast of the age in burying the wires. It does not speak well for our public spirit that while Toronto elects three supporters of the government we are continually snubbed and refused requests which are not only reasonable but absolutely within our rights.

We should be thankful that at last Sir John has determined to establish the boundaries of Ontario, and put an end to the dispute between this province and the Dominion. Ontario will then be a keystone reaching from Hudson Bay to the great lakes, and will be the largest organized state or province, except Texas, in North America. This proud position is made still more conspicuous by the fact that there are no agricultural lands in the world superior to ours, no minerals that are better, no such facilities for building up a great commonwealth! It is not surprising that Toronto, as the chief city of this great section, is achieving eminence which is attracting the attention of this whole continent; nor must we forget that Hon. Oliver Mowat, no matter what his shortcomings may have been in other respects, has been the sturdy defender of our rights to this territory and to the mineral and timber wealth which it contains.

I heard a story this week that I could hardly believe, and yet I am assured that it is true in every particular. A mechanic who was out of employment during the winter was forced to place his three motherless babes in an orphan asylum, and endeavored to support himself by attending to furnaces and doing menial work. He engaged himself at the extravagant salary of two dollars a week to attend the furnace, blacken the boots, and do chores for one of the leading clergymen of Toronto. It did not take all his time, but a considerable portion of it; and the other day, when he had a settlement with this minister—who receives a salary which does not amount to less than \$5,000 a year—he had 28 cents deducted from his stipend, because on the day he began work the sun had passed the meridian. On the day in question, as he explained to the reverend gentleman he attended to the furnace and had done all the work assigned to him, but the clergyman insisted that the amount should be withheld. For a minister of the gospel, belonging to a church which esteems itself the most fashionable, select and gentlemanly in the city to have gone into such elaborate bookkeeping on the winter's work of a poor beggar whose babies were in an orphan asylum while he denied himself every luxury (as a man must who is not in receipt of a more princely income than \$2 per week), does not look well to say the least. I have heard the



"The Day Will Come."

"YES, YES, MY DEAR BOY, I KNOW!"

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the public public say, "Oh, it is all done for an advertisement," what encouragement is offered even to one who does right from proper motives? But who is to be permitted to be the judge of motives in such a matter? Never since the time when the old adage that honesty is the best policy was first taught have the majority of business men forgotten that right doing is a proper policy as well as an infallible principle, and if we were to exclude from the list of good all those who are honest for policy's sake we might see an extraordinary reduction in the catalogue of the honest.

The simultaneous publication in several of the morning papers of the public expenditure likely to be made in Toronto within the next three or four years is sufficiently startling to deserve attention. The proposals for public works of general utility amount to about six millions of dollars, and in this is not included the great sum which must be paid out of the local improvement funds for pavements, sidewalks, &c. The expenditures to be made by the railways along the Esplanade, the new terminal facilities, union depot, bridges, &c., will aggregate another very large item. The Parliamentary buildings are only fairly begun, the Upper Canada College is to be built, a hotel is spoken of which may cost

labor while their children are being educated. In this way not only the artisan and the laborer, but the capitalist and those who desire a home, are every day flocking to the city, building or filling the houses already built and engaging themselves in speculation or production of some kind.

The fact that there are over three hundred real estate agents not only living on, but making money out of the transfer of land is suggestive of a boom which may alarm the conservative section of business men. Toronto real estate began to take an upward tendency at the same time that booms were started in a large number of American cities. Ours is the only one which has outlasted a few years of excitement, but those who have been pricing property in this city lately must recognize the fact that there has been no abatement of the steady upward tendency of values, and this spring has witnessed such a rapid movement that those who have been waiting for the crash to come are almost convinced that there is no crash imminent. Upon one thing, however, the oldest and wisest heads agree, and that is that the staking off of farm land into town lots has been carried too far. If it continues, York and Etobicoke townships will soon have so many stakes in them that

have tried these suburban points as a place of residence have hurriedly moved back to the city thoroughly disgusted with paddling through mud and slush in the winter and being blistered by the sun in the summer. These locations have neither the charm of rural life nor the comforts of a city home. Those who are buying them on speculation should remember that while there is the whole County of York available for town lots, competition will be too keen to permit of high prices ruling except during a speculative mania. Many of the wisest, and as they are known amongst brokers the "gamiest" of speculators, have already sold their annexes and sub-outlying annexes and invested the funds in down-town property.

It is a remarkable thing during this speculative craze, when the hopes of an enormous city are being built up by the real estate men, that the business sections of Toronto have been advancing in price very slowly indeed, and one can buy a lot almost as cheaply within twenty minutes' walk of the Post Office, in a good residential quarter, as a lot of the same size could be purchased for three miles from the market, where there is not a street car within half an hour's walk. Clerks, artisans and laborers cannot afford to live so far away from their work

same clergyman implore his hearers to give liberally to the missions, in fact I have heard him denounce them for not doing it, and yet 28 cents was enough to turn him from justice, to say nothing of generosity, and make a servant go hungry for a whole day.

One cannot help but admire persistency, and I would like someone of a mathematical and statistical turn of mind to reckon up how many miles of editorial the *Mail* has written on the "Situation in Quebec." It keeps at it day after day and week after week and month after month till one wonders how on earth it can ring so many changes on this well-worn tune. It reminds me of a story of Henry Watterson who, after a long political campaign, during which he had daily presented an editorial on the "situation," came in to his office late one night from a wine and poker party and sat down to write an editorial, which went to the printer as follows: "The Situation." (Three or four unsteady lines which had been marked out)—"Damn the situation."

It is said that the man who gets an idea is very fortunate, because the majority of us are without one, but when an idea gets a man, he becomes a crank. The idea has certainly gotten hold of the *Mail* to keep its readers posted concerning the improper practices in the neighboring province, and though we may weary somewhat of its iteration and reiteration, yet this is the only way of rubbing it in. An impression soon fades out of the mind. New topics and excitements crowd out old ones, but if the monument which the *Mail* has erected in the second column of its editorial page can keep people in sight of the fact that we have a grievance, they certainly will not be permitted to forget it. And though people may once in a while echo Henry Watterson's opinion of the situation we unconsciously esteem the ceaseless vigil of the watchman on the *Mail's* tower. "Watchman, what of the night?" and the unflinching answer comes: "Behold ye the situation in Quebec."

No news has yet come of the missing steamer Danmark and its seven hundred passengers, though at the time of writing hope had not yet been abandoned. It must be an awful thing waiting for news of a missing ship. To the owners to whom the wreck must mean a serious loss, the days are long, but to those who have a friend on board the hours of suspense must seem almost insupportable. The ocean is so wide, the opportunities for rescue so indefinite and yet esteemed considerable, that one keeps on hoping against hope, until at last the remotest ports are heard from and the star of hope disappears in the darkness of despair. While, perhaps, but few of us have had this experience yet there is no one who has not had a missing ship. The mother who has watched her babe through the nights when she knew not whether it would be life or death, knows what it is to have a ship laden with love afloat on the uncertain waters of life. The lover has a ship at sea and he watches in the eyes of his sweetheart for the first gleam of the returning sail. A wreck to him—or her—means a more insupportable anguish than is felt by those whose dear ones are buried in the deep. The father and mother have many ships at sea. They watch the steersman who directs the course of those they love, and wonder that the winds blow so strongly and strangely, that the tides ebb and flow over such dangerous rocks, and often have they seen their ships wrecked even in the harbor. And when their bairns go abroad, when they are out of sight, how they watch for the letters containing news of that ship in which the treasures of their love and ambition have been stored. And too often, so very, very often, their ship has never returned. Each one who reads can think of sails they have seen, for the return of which they have prayed, for the loss of which they have mourned. If all the missing ships had come back to port, if masts had not been broken and sails torn by the winds of adversity or the simoon of passion, if unknown and sunken reefs had not bruised and broken the hulls to which we had trusted there would be no need of heaven, surely there couldn't have been no hell. But as long as men live and women love, and ships go out to sea, so long will there be wrecks, the agony of waiting and the dumbness of despair. If it were not so, if we took no chances, no one would bother with ships; there would be no sailors. It is the dangerous things we love best, and if no ships had been lost what would become of the delightful uncertainty of waiting for ships to come back?

The meeting of those favorable to the organization of the Canadian National and Patriotic Association held a week ago last Thursday evening in Shaftesbury Hall parlor was in every way a success. A large number of those who had sent in their names were unable to attend, but the meeting was quite large enough for the purpose, and filled the room which had been engaged. A large committee was formed for the purpose of framing a constitution and by-laws, and during the past week it has met four times. The amount of labor which has been devoted to the formulating of the rules and principles of the society indicates the sincerity and earnestness of those who have undertaken the task. Another general meeting for the purpose of organization will be held in Shaftesbury Hall parlor Thursday evening, April 25, when the report of the committee will be presented and discussed. All those interested are invited though nothing in the shape of set speeches will be given and it will be in no sense a mass meeting. Those who feel inclined to take hold and help do some of the preparatory work will be welcome.

I am informed and do verily believe that there will be no general election of the Ontario Legislature this year. I believe the matter has been finally settled and the M. P.'s can rest assured of again drawing their seasonal indemnity, undisturbed by the fear that the unfeeling public will interfere.

Recently Canadians abroad have been achieving a very unenviable notoriety, several of the most daring crimes in the United States having been perpetrated or attempted by people who

claim the Dominion as their birthplace, but the present little wave is a rare exception. Canadians in the United States, as a rule, are held in the highest esteem, and occupy many of the highest places of trust, and this being true, such utterances as were recently made in Parliament by a western fire-eater that most of the Canadians in the United States dare not return home, are especially to be deprecated. There is nothing in which Canadians have taken greater pride than the high standing of their fellow-countrymen abroad, and it is only of very recent years that the little colony of our ascenders has been noticeable in the United States.

The prediction that the anti-Jesuit excitement would not live through the dog-days shows no signs of being verified, except as regards the pulpits, which have already begun to abate. The Orangemen, however, are making themselves heard and felt, and time only seems to increase their determination to make it hot for somebody, and it cannot be denied that every day they are recovering in public estimation the ground they had previously lost by being too subservient to Sir John.

Dox.

Society.

This is the end of Lent, and socially no one will be sorry, for while penitence may be a delightful mental attitude the votaries of the dance are apt to weary of it. Everyone has had an opportunity for rest, for never in my memory has the season been observed more rigorously. The outbreak of festivities is not likely to be startling as so many of the leaders are out of town, but I can at least promise my readers more interesting society news than they have been recently receiving.

Rehearsals for the Kirmess dances have been frequent during the past week, and every person is interested in making the best possible use of the short time left for practice. I have been kindly furnished with a list of the chief attractions of the Kirmess, and also of the names of the ladies and gentlemen taking part in the dances, with descriptions of the costumes worn in each.

The costumes of the Lawn Tennis dance will be of the conventional kind. The following ladies and gentlemen will take part: Misses Lucy Lee, Patriarche, M. Bright, C. Macfarlane, Helena Smith, Thompson, Monk, Livingstone; Messrs. G. H. Muntz, Atcheson, Sydney Jones, J. A. Heward, W. Douglas, A. Boulton, Percy Maule, and Murray Langmuir.

The gentlemen taking part in the Gypsy dance wear white flannel shirts, bright red silk ties, knee breeches and red stockings laced with blue and yellow ribbons, a red sash and a large slouch felt hat with ribbon streamers. They carry tambourines. The fair Gypsies are not all dressed alike, as it was felt such uniformity would not be in harmony with the Romany character. One of the dresses, however, is thus described: A bright crimson satin petticoat with bands of black velvet and gold braid, blue bodice with chemise of soft muslin, puffed sleeves tied with ribbon, a many-colored head-dress with gold ornaments and tambourines slung from the shoulder with colored ribbons. It will be danced by Misses C. Lash, Douglas, M. King, Dodds, Michie, Fisher, Eakin, A. Michie, Darby; Messrs. Coburn, Norman, Smith, T. Chisholm, Douglas, T. Brown, Percy Horrocks, G. Towner, Vidal.

In the Hungarian dance the ladies' dress will be a white skirt with rows of green and red satin edged with gold around it, a red satin bodice cut square, braided in gold across the front and cut in points, which are ornamented with little bells, and white Hungarian caps trimmed with gold braid. They carry hoops, with bells and ribbons. Gentlemen will wear black knee breeches and black stockings tied at the knees with red satin ribbons, white waistcoats trimmed with gold braid, white sashes striped at the end with green, red and gold (the national colors), white shirts with lace cuffs and collars, and small black caps trimmed with red and gold, with capes of crimson and green slung from the shoulder. The dancers are: Misses Shanklin, Hart, Monk, Macdonald, Lang, May Livingstone, Murray, Ellis; Messrs. Andrews, Hollier, Bogert, H. F. Gillespie, G. Hart, E. A. Chadwick, Ross and Fred Bendelari.

The ladies' costume for the Swedish dance is a blue petticoat striped down with bright orange ribbons, low bodice, cut pointed in front and back, worn over muslin waists, shirred at the neck, with short puffed sleeves; on the right shoulder long ribbon streamers of orange, blue and red (the national colors), high peasant caps of black velvet, ornamented with blue and red bands. They carry a short wand with streamers and sleigh bells, which are shaken in harmony with the music. Swedish gentlemen wear black knee breeches and black stockings, bright red vests with white sleeves, blue sashes trimmed with gold and crimson, and large rolling collars and cuffs. The Swedish dancers are: Misses Maule, Etta Hill, E. Maule, Littlejohn, G. Scott, Powell, M. Powell, Douglas, Hague, Keighley, Hoskins, Sprout; Messrs. Vox Chadwick, Pemberton, Geo. Pemberton, Schofield, McMillan, Ketchum.

The Spanish dance is a series of graceful movements, and it is expected to cause much admiration. We have been unable to secure a description of the costumes, but it will be in keeping with all the others and the character of the dance. The following ladies and gentlemen will participate: Misses Maude Macklem, Kirkpatrick, A. Kirkpatrick, Bostwick, Woodbridge, Hardy, Pringle, Francis; Messrs. Leon Macklem, Gray, Lowndes, F. Gray, Lea, Heward, J. Symons, Hirschfelder.

Besides these gay and picturesque dances, there are many other attractions. A gypsy encampment, where one's future will be revealed in the usual gypsy style, will be in the hands of Mrs. Galbraith, Misses Connie Jarvis, Eva Hardy, Lash, Stovin and Muntz. A high tea, from 5 to 7:30 o'clock, will be served by the lady managers and a bevy of pretty

walters. A flower booth will be presided over by Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Percy Ridout, Mrs. Fitzgibbon and a bouquet of pretty girls robed in white directoire. The sweets of the candy booth will be dispensed by Mrs. Charles Riddan, Mrs. Bunting and young ladies wearing directories in white and gold and crimson and white. Delicious ices will be served by Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Farrar, Mrs. A. B. Lea and Miss Patterson. Rebecca at the well will supply the liquid refreshments. Miss Patterson will preside at this booth. The art booth is in the shape of an open book, and is in charge of Mrs. Spragge. The Punch and Judy show will give delight in the hands of Mrs. Monk and Mrs. Boulton. The post and express offices are in the charge of Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Brock and Mrs. Dickson. Mrs. Osler presides at the *café chantant*, and will be assisted by a group of fair ladies, who are to be arranged as *Vivandières* and arrayed in costumes copied from some of the most noted regiments of the old world. By these coffee and cigarettes will be dispensed, and some of our best musicians will furnish music. The piano used will be furnished by Messrs. Mason & Risch. There will be a Cinderella ball in which eighty children will take part. Miss Robinson, a granddaughter of the ex-Lieutenant-Governor, will be the princess and the court minuet will be danced at the ball by Master and Miss Hughes. The Kirmess paper is to be edited by Miss Fiske and Mrs. Edgar, and will contain all the Kirmess news and the programmes for each day. Two of the young ladies who will sell this journal are to be arrayed in print dresses—dresses of type, in fact—the cloth of which will be printed on by the presses of the Toronto World.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. MacKinnon entertained a number of their friends at Oaklawn, Sherbourne street, on Tuesday evening. The occasion was the christening of their grand child, the infant son of their daughter, Mrs. E. A. Miles, who with her husband has returned to make their future home in Toronto. Rev. John Langtry performed the christening ceremony. The little one was surrounded by plenty of friends, there being three great-grandmothers present, Mrs. McKay of Georgetown, Mrs. Miles and Mrs. Johnson of Toronto. The evening was enlivened by choice musical selections, and Miss Wetherald, graduate of the Philadelphia School of Oratory, delighted everyone with her charming recitations. The floral decorations were much admired, being very beautiful and most artistically arranged. The evening was short, but perhaps none the less enjoyed on that account by the hundred or more guests present.

Attention is called to the announcement of the sale of ladies' work in aid of the Sisters of St. John the Divine, to be held at the Bishop Strachan school on College street on April 22 and 23. Refreshments will be served. The proceeds of the sale are entirely for the support of this self-sacrificing sisterhood, who have made the rule that no one will be asked to buy anything, so that forced sales through impatience need not be feared.

Miss Tootie Heward of the Pines, Bloor street, entertained a few of her schoolmates and some of the college boys Thursday evening of last week. The affair was very much enjoyed by the young people, and was given previous to their departure for their several homes, the little hostess acquitting herself in a most charming manner.

Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Louise Martin, second daughter of Dr. Martin of Carlton street, to Dr. Norman Allan also of the same place, the wedding to take place on the evening of April 30 at the new church of St. Augustine's on Parliament street.

Mrs. Sullivan and her daughter Minnie of Peterboro' are staying for a short time with Mrs. D. A. O'Sullivan.

Sir David McPherson and family of Chestnut Park, Yonge street, are at present in Florence, where they propose to remain for some time before returning to this country.

At St. James' Cathedral on Tuesday night last, one of the largest and most fashionable congregations filled the large sacred edifice, when the Crucifixion was sung and listened to with all the solemnity the sacred work requires.

The Argonaut Rowing Club is now seventeen years old, and has 309 members, of whom 217 are on the active list; and it was decided at the annual meeting at the Club House, Friday evening of last week, that the admission of inactive members will not be continued. The President, Col. G. A. Sweny, occupied the chair, and there was a large turnout of members, among whom were: Messrs. C. W. der, D. Burns, F. Carmichael, A. Bogart, W. Harvie, D. V. Brooks, W. Dick, F. Lightbourne, G. Gillespie, A. Hutchinson, W. Johnston, W. G. Lambie, J. W. Drynan, J. McVee, J. Ince, A. G. Thompson, J. M. McDonald, P. Horrocks, F. Cox, A. C. Macdonnell, M. M. Kertland, A. Fraser, Wm. Ince, Jr., J. Scott, J. Kaay, A. R. Dunsen, A. McKenzie, J. Boyd, R. Kertland, J. French, A. Burritt, S. Small, A. D. Langmuir, H. C. Hammond, W. D. Gwynne, F. Kay, C. Godfrey, W. Stewart, W. Sweny, B. Sweny, J. Pearson, R. Muntz, W. G. Gill, W. Murray, H. Muntz. His Honor the Lieut. Governor of Ontario, Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., has signified his willingness to accede to the request that he should be nominated patron of the club. G. A. Sweny, president.

The annual meeting of the Granite Lawn Tennis Club was held on Thursday of last week when the following officers were elected for the coming season: President, Mr. G. S. Crawford; Vice-President, Mr. G. W. Meyer; Captain and Honorary Secretary, Mr. Wm. Gibb; Committee, Messrs. Bowes, W. A. Littlejohn, J. Ford, R. Moffatt, John Bruce.

Cards are out from the Commodore, officers and members of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club requesting the pleasure of their friends' company at the Pavilion, Horticultural Gardens on Wednesday, May 1, at nine o'clock. Dancing.

Ottawa.

The cricket match between a team of members of Parliament and the Ottawa Cricket Club, played off on Saturday afternoon last, resulted in a victory for the Cricket Club. The weather was anything but favorable, being cold and bleak, and consequently the spectators were very few in number. These, however, were able to console themselves with the thought that they were witnesses of the earliest cricket match ever played in Canada in any year. After the match the players and umpires repaired to tea at Government House.

It is a long time past since the senate chamber presented such a gay appearance as it did on Saturday evening last, when Mr. Speaker and Mrs. Allan received therein their four or five hundred guests. Soon after ten o'clock the chamber was well filled with the youth and beauty of the capital, as also were the reading-room—converted into a refreshment room—the passages and even the cosy nooks of the Library of Parliament. The music was good; everybody was, or seemed to be, in the best of spirits; the host and hostess made themselves most agreeable; and consequently, notwithstanding the absence of dancing—that great of factors towards an evening's enjoyment—it was a most enjoyable evening that came to a conclusion at about half past ten o'clock.

Madame Laurier was at home to members of the Opposition and their friends on Saturday evening at the Grand Union Hotel. Musical talent being by no means scarce in the Liberal ranks, a most enjoyable evening was spent by some thirty or forty guests.

On Sunday afternoon Mrs. Collingwood Schreffer gave a small afternoon tea.

On Monday afternoon the Hon. Edward and Lady Alice Stanley, the Hon. Algernon Stanley and Mr. McMahon left, by special Canada Atlantic train, for New York, en route to England. Their excellencies and the Hon. Billy were at the station to say "good bye."

On Tuesday afternoon several young people, at the invitation of Mr. Barron and Mr. Fisher, M.P.'s, drove out to Aylmer, for dinner, returning shortly after 11 o'clock.

This (Saturday) afternoon another party are to drive to Aylmer, where they are again to be entertained by Mr. Fisher and Mr. Barron.

The usual sessional dinners, too numerous to mention, have been given during the week, one of the most successful of which was that given by the Honorable Senator Sanford on the evening of Monday. The dinner was given in the handsome dining-room of the Senate. Besides the Speakers of both Houses and the Premier, there were among the guests Sir Adolphe Caron, Sir John Thompson, Hon. John Costigan, Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, Hon. John Haggart and Hon. Edgar Dowdney, twenty-five senators and thirty-nine members of the House of Commons, Capt. Colville, the Governor-General's secretary, and Mr. C. H. Mackintosh.

Invitations are out for a young people's driving party to Aylmer on Easter Monday, the hosts being four popular young boys of Sandy Hill, viz., Masters Ayshford Wise, Scott, Brophy and Walters. The invitations have been extended also to a few favored "grown ups." The drive is under the chaperonage of Mrs. Wise, Mrs. Clarence Chipman, Mrs. Fred White and Mrs. Major.

A rumor very pleasing in society circles is afloat here to the effect that Miss Katie Merritt of Toronto is shortly to pay Ottawa a visit.

I learn from good authority that prorogation is not expected for another fortnight at the very least. Consequently a gay Easter week may safely be expected, although as yet nothing definite is on the tapis.

The many friends of Mr. W. H. Middleton, will be glad to hear that he is to remain in Ottawa for some months yet, having decided not to return to the North West. SANTIO.

Personal.

The funeral of the late Lionel L. Yorke took place on Tuesday and was the largest which has occurred in Toronto for years.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Spain celebrated their tin wedding last Monday evening. A large number of friends were present, and a very pleasant time was spent.

Mr. D. M. Har of Winnipeg has been promoted to the position of manager of the Merchants' Bank here, vice Mr. William Cook who has retired on a well-earned pension.

Mr. E. W. Sandys returned on Monday last from a tour in the maritime provinces in the interest of the C. P. R. On Monday evening he left again for Montreal, whence he expects soon to depart for the Pacific coast and, possibly, Alaska.

Mr. George B. Holland, who has resided in Toronto for the past fifty years died on Wednesday evening. He was an enthusiastic member of the York Pioneers and in 1842 was sergeant and Acting Quarter-Master of the First Incorporated Dragoons.

Court Rose, No. 18, C. O. O. F., held a reception in Shaftesbury Hall on Tuesday evening. A very successful musical programme occupied the early part of the evening and was followed by dancing. The committee, consisting of Messrs. Geo. Barrett, W. B. Phipps, A. R. Farrance, W. Couch, J. Fletcher, W. Sparks and R. D. Abell, are to be congratulated on the success of the evening's entertainment.

The committee and members of the Rosedale Cricket Club have much occasion to congratulate themselves on the prospects for the coming season. At the recent meeting of the club committee several new members were elected, and Messrs. W. Ledger and G. S. Lyon were each presented with a bat for the highest batting and bowling averages, respectively, for last year. The president, J. Melrose MacDonald, kindly said that he would give a bat to any member of the club making fifty runs or more in one innings. It is proposed to arrange matches for two evenings this year owing to the increasing number of members. All applications for membership should be made to the secretary, H. Peiman, No. 4 Wellington street west. The membership of the club includes all privileges granted to the Toronto Lacrosse Club.

Innocence Afloat.

Farmer (to a tramp whom he has surprised in a fruit tree)—What are you doing up there? Tramp—If! Nothing! only hanging some pears on the tree again that had fallen down!

IMMENSE SUCCESS!

LINDSAY LENOX'S GRAND SONG
Love's Golden Dream
The average sale of this song in London exceed 2,500 copies weekly. Its success is almost unprecedented. It is sung by Sims Reeves, Marie Rose and hosts of other soloists. Everyone can play it. Everyone sings it. All like it. PRICE 40 CTS.—IN KEYS TO SUIT ALL VOICES.

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WHITE SHIRTS

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Fancy and Plain Silk Shirts Just Received
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SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER

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No. 41 KING STREET WEST

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DRESS AND MANTLE MAKERS

112 KING STREET WEST

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For strictly moderate charges it cannot be surpassed.

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2 Button, Embroidered Back

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In Dress, Walking and Driving

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We will be prepared on and after the 15th inst. to show our spring importations in trimmed and untrimmed millinery, flowers, feathers and novelties.

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ROOM 1,

55 AND 57 ADELAIDE STREET EAST,

TORONTO.

WATCHES

Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

John versus Jap.

The jealousy that exists between the Chinese of this town and their Japanese friends was fully exemplified a few evenings ago when a rather amusing incident occurred. A young Japanese artist, walking on Yonge street, chanced to spy in a Chinese store a pair of handsome vases that seemed to take his fancy, and, thinking that if the price suited him he would make a purchase, he entered the store; and we give our readers the conversation that took place in full:

"How much those vases?" asked the Japanese.

"What for you want know?" said the Chinaman.

"Can't you tell me price, I want know?"

"I no tell price."

"Why can't you?"

"No buy, no tell price."

"How do you no whether I buy or no?"

"I think you no buy."

"Suppose I know buy why not tell price, I want know?"

"What good tell price? No buy, I no tell price."

"You suspicious. Chinese all suspicious; never get along with another nation. Do you understand the meaning of suspicious?"

"I no understand."

"You think I work in Japanese store, and if you tell price I find out your secret figure; that is what matter with you, but I am not. I am an artist, as I will show you."

And taking a pencil and a piece of paper from his pocket the artist drew these three sketches, as follows, saying first:



Here is a turnip; and now it is and now it is turned into a tea-pot; your head.

The artist left the store, leaving John with his mouth wide open in wonderment.

The Elevation of the Stage.



AMBITIOUS Amateur (who has just been put through her paces, anxiously)—How do you think I shall do?

Enterprising Manager (who makes a specialty of bringing out young actresses)—You walk well; your voice is good; your looks are—pardon me—enchanting. There is no reason why you should not succeed. Now, the first thing is to attract a little judicious attention. Are you single?

Ambitious Amateur—No, sir.

Enterprising Manager—Ah! good, good! You married an Italian count who, after pawing all your jewelry to satisfy his taste for his native Chianti, has deserted you in circumstances of great cruelty to return to his banishment in the Bowerly. We will get at least a column and a half.

Ambitious Amateur (interrupting him with some haughtiness)—On the contrary, sir, my husband is Mr. Reginald Blueblood. He is devoted to me, and we have the cutest little darling.

Enterprising Manager—Splendid! Couldn't be better. Go home and have him knock you down the back-stairs, and decamp with the baby. You appear in court the next morning; the story goes into the newspapers. The next week I bring you out in The Deserted Wife to a bigger house than Patti ever saw. Madame, I congratulate you. Your fortune is made—and his.—N. Y. Life.

Uncertainty At The Dance.



Mr. Sows—"Whad meks dat Miss Spencer ser kinder lon'sum t'night?"

Mr. Wheats—"D' boys ain't quite suah whedder dat 'rangement stickin' out of her bodice is one ob dem new fash'ned lawnettes or a razzor, an' dey's ahy."—Judge.

He Let Her Be.

A lady, occupying room letter B at an English hotel, wrote on the slate as follows: "Wake letter B at seven; and if letter B says 'let her be,' don't let her be, nor letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B., who is to call at half-past ten." The porter, a better bootblack than orthographist, after studying the above all night, did not know whether to wake letter B or to "let her be."



"Ho ho! So you are the boy who plays with pigs in clover, are you?"—N. Y. Life.

An Unjust Charge.

"Abesalom," called Mrs. Rambo, in a high pitched voice, as her husband came lumbering

up the stairway at three o'clock a.m., "you have been getting drunk again! This is the second time since yesterday morning!"

"Nanshy," mumbled Mr. Rambo, holding tightly to the balustrade, "you're uuzhust, m'ove. A man can't gidrunck twice in twenty-four hours. I'm—I'm still on the 'original drunk, Nanshy!"

Ladies!

We do not want postage-stamp victims. If you will send us a self-addressed postal card, we will send you a recipe stamped on the back of it, for cleaning silverware and glass. Also, information of the latest and greatest labor saving invention of the age. Address Nonsuch Stove Polish Co., London, Ont.

Every day demonstrates the great popularity of Thomas' English Chop House and Ladies' Cafe. Under the management of Keachie & Co. it has become the high class supper room for theater parties, and by far the most popular dining-room for ladies. Indeed it is the only restaurant noticeably patronized by the fair sex.

The Palace Novelty Emporium

(Late QUA & CO.)
49 KING ST. WEST
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TOYS, GAMES, BOOKS, STATIONERY
FANCY GOODS, DOLLS,
Cabs, Express Waggon, Velocipedes
Tricycles and Bicycles

BASE BALL GOODS IN ALL BRANCHES

THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY IS
CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE
For Manufacturing New Designs in
Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches
77 Yonge St., 2 Doors North of King

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Shoes. L. A. Stockhouse, Dealer in American Boots, Shoes and Slippers. Just received: all the latest spring styles. For style, fit and wear they cannot be beat. It will pay you to see them before buying elsewhere. Remember we warrant these goods. Call and see them at American Shoe Store, 47 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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Best system of cutting ladies' and children's garments.
HALL'S BAZAAR DRESS FORMS
For draping dresses. Adjustable to any measure.
MISS CHUBB, 426 1-2 Yonge St.

BEEF AND COCA WINE
FOR MENTAL AND PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION

Has all the well-known properties of Beef, Iron and Wine, with the stimulating effects of Coca. It increases the vigor of the intellect, nerves and muscles; sustains strength in the absence of food; produces healthy sleep, and is not followed by any evil effects. Unequalled in cases of sudden exhaustion.

ADULT DOSE.—One tablespoonful between meals, or when fatigued or exhausted.

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MILLINERY
ESTABLISHMENT
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OPPOSITE ROSSIN HOUSE ENTRANCE.

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CHOICE TEAS and COFFEES
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TRY A 5c. SAMPLE

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See our fine assortments.

Cash discount of 10 per cent. to buyers 5 lb. lots

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Great German Hair Magic

The equal of this great preparation is yet to be found. It is an unfailing Restorer for Gray Hair. It stops a d. prevents all falling out of the Hair. It removes all Dandruff and keeps the scalp clean. On Bald Heads (if there are but the faintest traces of roots) the "Magic" will produce a fine growth. Will you try it? What do you say? All druggists everywhere have it for sale. Ask for it. Do not let the druggist tell you he has "something just a good." See that each bottle bears seal and signature.

A. DOREWEND, Sole Manufacturer, Paris Hair Works, 103 and 105 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

LADIES

Who go abroad, across the ocean or traveling on the continent, or go out of the city for the holidays, should supply themselves with one of

ARMAND'S

New Pompadour Front Pieces, Pin Curis, or with one of our small Holiday Bangs.

Ladies who are traveling are exposed to inconvenience in curling their own hair the above mentioned front pieces will save trouble and time, and are elegant looking, and very light. We have also the latest Back Coiffure, easy to put on, it weighs half an ounce, and is most stylish looking. Waves, Wigs and Switches, with short fringe, in every shade.

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Ladies' and Gentlemen's Clothes

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CHAPTER XVI.

"Poor creatures! Well, there ends my story, at least about her," said Juanita.

I dream waks me, and I know I am alone. I keep you, Theodore, from such a loss as I see." "I must gain something before I can lose the answer, with a shade of bitterness, see myself as the years go on 'hardening

by the drawing-room fire when he and Mr. Neville left the dining-room, after a single glass of claret, and a brief review of the political situation. Theodore's sisters were estab-

significant shape on her earliest visits—with shabby little two guinea brief in her hand; I don't you let that shabby little brief be tried to somebody else just because you are of the way. I suppose you are really fond of the law."

paying to a girl of that age, never thinking of the mischief they may do. I told her that I thought she was over-careful, and that as they must discover that she was handsome sooner or later, it was just as well she should in some experience of life.

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Disinfecting Time
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For any cleaning purpose it has no equal. Buy only the imported article, with address of manufacturer on every package.

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Going Down the Hill.

People in middle life, or a shade past it, make a great mistake in surrendering to the insidious approaches of old age, and changing their habits and associations just because they are getting on in years. They should try and retain youthful feelings and vigor as long as possible, without of course being guilty of the folly of trying to cheat themselves into the belief that they are really young, or can pass for being so. Nothing is more ridiculous than to see a grey-haired man, or a lady "of a certain age," assuming all the airs of young people—striving to rejuvenate their appearance by hair dyes and cosmetics, and speaking of themselves as though they had just entered upon life. But this sort of affectation is a very different thing from the attempt to retain something of the youthful freshness of feeling, activity and energy while frankly acknowledging that we are "not so young as we used to be." There is none of the foppish or self-deception of the antiquated masher about Mr. Gladstone for instance—but yet how few young or middle-aged men are his equals in active work and intellectual accomplishment? The error which the man or woman who has passed the prime of life often makes is to subside into the arm-chair and hug the chimney corner, instead of continuing to mingle in the world and keep abreast with the times. They would do well to remember the old saying: "A woman is as old as she looks—a man is as old as he feels," and try to get as much good out of life as possible. It is better to wear out than to rust out.

The Craze for Notoriety.

One of the most marked characteristics of the present day is the prevalence of a mania for notoriety. Never before were there so many people striving by any and every means within their reach to make themselves seen and heard, to get their names into print, and to secure at least a brief and temporary publicity. The desire for fame, the wish to make a name that shall live in men's memories until a distant future, has always been a powerful incentive to action and a stimulus to the flagging ambition of men of powerful genius. But the modern itching for a sensational notoriety is a very different and a much lower passion. The notoriety-seeker, if he cannot be celebrated, deliberately prefers infamy to oblivion. He would sooner be branded with the eternal stigma attaching to the names of Guiteau, Pigott, or Jack the Ripper, than be forgotten. While in a few instances this manifestation of morbid and over-weening vanity prompts great crimes such as that of "the daring youth who fired the Ephesian dome," and the assassins of Lincoln and Garfield, in the great majority of cases its victims simply become harmless cranks or chronic busybodies. They hang upon the edge of political and social movements, interview public men and haunt newspaper offices to the terror of unfortunate editors. They are always on the watch for a chance to thrust themselves forward, and inflict their crude, ill digested or trite notions upon the public. Every new agitation is a godsend to them. They eagerly seize the opportunity afforded by any public excitement of ventilating their notions and attempting to attract to their little selves some portion of the attention attaching to the subject. Many a good cause has been greatly retarded, if not defeated, by the shoal of fussy, brainless notoriety hunters who always push themselves to the front, while better and wiser men keep modestly in the background. No cause is anything more to the man struck with the notoriety craze than the means of advancing himself. So long as he can hear his own self-complacent brays and see his name flourishing in the papers, he is in Elysium, whatever may befall the movement to which he has attached himself like a barnacle. Modern journalism is largely to blame for the abnormal development of the notoriety-craze. The interviewing system has its advantages when strictly confined to those who, by reason of their representative position or thorough acquaintance with public affairs, speak with some authority, or can throw a light on the topics touched upon. But it has been abused so as to pander to the vanity of conceited and ignorant nobodies and persons possessed of the mania for publicity. The ease with which, nowadays, every vaporing and empty-headed scribe or sputter can get what he is pleased to call his "views" before a large circle of readers has greatly fostered the evil. The notoriety-seeker thrives on abuse. It is a perfect picnic for him when some editor or correspondent for want of anything better to do undertakes to refute or assail him. He would a great deal sooner be kicked than passed by unnoticed. The only effective way to deal with him is to let him severely alone.

The Farewell Tour.

"May I come in, St. Peter?"
"And who are you?"
"My name is Patti—Adelina Andsoforth Patti."
"Are you sure you are ready to come in—and stay?"
"Quite sure."
"But we give no return tickets in case you should wish to go out for a while."
"But I shall not wish to go out. Why should I wish to do so?"
"Well, I didn't know but you might want to drop down to earth again for another farewell tour."



There was a bumper house at the concert given by Torrington's Orchestra on April 11. Not only was the programme attractive, but the management had evidently made unusual efforts to stamp this as one of the most successful concerts of the season, and these efforts have been generously rewarded. The central figure, of course, was the array of enthusiasts, who form the nucleus of what may yet become one of the greatest orchestras of the continent. It is not so very long ago, that New York city, which now boasts of two of the finest orchestras in the world, was without anything in the shape of a permanent orchestra as good as the one under present consideration, and when the old Philharmonic Orchestra was first organized in that city in 1842, its birth was heralded with more "pooh, pooh!" than money. Yet it has grown in numbers and in excellence, until today there are many, both Europeans and Americans, well qualified to judge, who say that it is not excelled by any band of its size in the world. Of course, its members were professional musicians largely, but there were in its early years many young members who won their spurs, so to speak, after joining it rather than before. So much so was this the case that this orchestra, now directed by Theodore Thomas, was the first by which he heard classical music performed.

Is not this an answer to those who decry the youthful efforts of Mr. Torrington's orchestra? An orchestra composed altogether of professional musicians is an impossibility in Toronto, in the present state of mind of such performers, as they will make no sacrifices themselves—will not even attend the rehearsals they contract for, and want the earth and the fulness thereof. To secure such men the permanent work of a season would necessitate a subsidy such as is paid to a choir little band in Buffalo, something like \$13,000, a matter which is also—not impossible—but very unlikely in Toronto. Though we hear the Torrington orchestra only a few times in each season, and though its performances may not rival those of Thomas, Seidl or Gerike, it is still a factor which should receive every encouragement, as it opens up a field of music—so rich and so full of the most endless variety of what has become the original model of all that is great and good in music, and so full of the stupendous modern conceptions—a field so inexhaustible that the performances of a generation could not display all its beauties.

But the danger to its progress and improvement lies neither in the lack of substantial support or in the anticipation of that lack, nor in the contemptuous remarks of those who belittle its efforts. It is rather internal than external. It lies more in the lack of responsibility shown by some of its members, and in the reception and assimilation of inordinate praise. As to the first, rehearsals have been held at which twelve or fifteen only of its sixty members have been present. When an evening has been spent in hammering their work into something like tolerable shape, the next rehearsal bring another batch to be hammered, and the same dreary process has to be gone through again. This is human nature, it is true, but it does not necessarily produce good music, and as long as there are players in the orchestra who think that the mere naked ability to play the notes (alas! how few there are with even this tribute!) is sufficient for musicians of their talents, so long will the performances suffer. As to the question of praise, it is a delicate one. If such orchestral performances are measured by an abstract standard, honest analysis would discourage the band, and would be an injustice to it. On the other hand, if their work is valued at a standard primarily based upon the capabilities of the performers, and further softened by the feeling that these concerts are a good and an educator, even far beyond their intrinsic merit, then the pleasure felt by all music-lovers (including even the much-abused critics) is apt to be alloyed by the complacency of the performers, who think that the phrases that would describe a Thomas performance mean no less when applied to them. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"—so is eternal effort and striving for individual improvement the price of artistic progress. That this striving may be initiated and enthusiastically persevered in, we all hope and wish.

The performance then was a very satisfactory one, all things considered, and one that reflected great credit on Mr. Torrington's tireless energy. I was much struck with the precision shown by the orchestra in the Beethoven Concerto, very well played, by the way, by Mr. Harry Field, whose technique was fully equal to this trying test. His reading was dainty and poetic rather than broad, but was refined in sentiment, and not without flights of fancy in phrasing, to which Mr. Torrington yielded as well as the rather inelastic body under his control would allow. The measure of this freedom was decidedly creditable to both leader and band. The Mari-tana overture was exceedingly well played, and the Tannhauser Festmarsch very properly delighted the audience. I question if there is any single number in the repertoire of the orchestra that affords Mr. Torrington as much enjoyment as does this *morceau*, and his reveling in its beauties is imparted to the band, and the whole piece goes with a dash and spirit that is contagious to all within its influence. The fine Beautiful Rhine waltz would have been the better for a little more shading, especially as the melody of the Lorelei was rather overshadowed by the other parts. Mr. Forsyth's Romanza possesses many beauties. It is scored for a band richer in wind resources than this orchestra, but considering its difficulty, and the fact that it was conducted by a comparative stranger to the members, it was exceedingly well rendered. The accompaniment to Mrs. Agnes Thomson's numbers were beautifully played, and the lady herself was never heard to better advantage. Her singing of the *Casta Diva* was a gem of distinct vocalization and accurate delivery. Her voice and method were fully adequate to all the demands made

upon them by this difficult number, and her singing of The Old Folks at Home touched many a heart. Mr. Schuch gave a stirring rendition of Norman's Tower, but did not sing the Evening Star from Tannhauser at all well. Messrs. Clark and Correll contributed solos in their best style. Master George Fox must not be left out of consideration, for his violin solos were fully equal to the retention of the high opinion all his previous hearers had formed of him. To sum up—the soloists helped to make a success of the concert in which the orchestra demonstrated that its resources only need encouragement and work to make it one of the principal musical factors in the Province.

The Henchels gave another of their inimitable recitals at the College of Music on Saturday evening, and again demonstrated to our singers how much they have yet to learn—what a depth of artistic refinement and expressive elegance there is in song—as song may be sung. The prophecy that the next visit of these great artists will draw a crowded house is now, I fear, a mere truism.

At a Service of Song held at the Church of the Redeemer on Friday last, besides the usual good singing of the choir, especially fine work was done by Mrs. Clara E. Shilton in the solo in Mendelsohn's Hear My Prayer, and by Miss Maud Burdette of Belleville in Handel's How Long Wilt Thou Forget Me.

The third quarterly concert at the Conservatory for this season took place on Saturday evening at Association Hall, and was crowded. A long programme was most creditably carried out by the pupils of the institution. The string quartette—Messrs. Boucher, Napolitano, D'Auria, and Dinelli—played the *allegro moderato* from the Haydn quartette, op. 64, and already displays admirable ensembles, and promises well for its future.

The usual number of sacred concerts which are arranged for Passion Week has taken place, and they will be noticed in due course next Saturday. Next Wednesday the fine choir of the Church of the A-cension resumes its Services of Praise, which have been intermittently during Lent. On Monday, 29th, the Conservatory String Quartet makes its formal public debut, and will play the Quartette, op. 12, by Mendelssohn, a Serenade, op. 15, by Moszkowski, a Menuet by Pessard, and the Quartette, op. 76, by Haydn. The Choral Society will give another concert before the close of the season, at which Signor D'Auria's cantata, The Sea King's Bride, libretto by Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, will be produced.

The Toronto Vocal Society has engaged Mr. Harry M. Field, pianist; Mrs. Wilson O-man, soprano, and Mr. Adolph Hartdegen, violin-cello, for its soloists at the concert on May 7. METRONOME.



Joe Murphy does not change much in these latter days. But though he is as familiar to Toronto people as the bar-bell of Shakespeare who looks down benignly on the audience at the Grand, those who went to see him years ago go to see him again and laugh as heartily as ever at the jokes whose coming they know is as sure as Sunday. This argues a high degree of excellence in the actor and few men have been able to hold the fickle public's favor as long as the genial Irish comedian playing at the Grand Opera House this week. An Irishman's heart always warms towards anything which reminds him of "the old sod," even if it be only a pig or a potato, and he has always a shilling to spare to see his country and fellow-countrymen represented—often very badly represented—on the stage. Perhaps this partially accounts for Joe Murphy's lasting popularity. It has certainly made him one of the wealthiest stars on the road to-day.

Mr. Murphy is generally supported by a strong company and this year, with possibly one or two exceptions, his people give an excellent performance. Mr. T. C. Hamilton's Valentine Hay is very clever. Miss Belle Melville as Nora Drew and Miss Josie Stoffer as Alice Dora are both of them pretty and take their parts in a very creditable manner. Last year when Mr. Murphy was here I threw out a suggestion that the performance would not suffer if those young women who come on in the third act dressed in knee breeches and jockey caps and blouses were dispensed with. I see they are still to the fore and still wondering what they are there for. But as this has become such a feature of the drama of the present day I have no more objections to make and shall not be surprised if the Roman soldiers whom Mr. Thomas Keene, the tragedian, will show us next week in Julius Caesar, prove to be Amazons, wear pink tights and do a fancy march to martial music.

On Monday evening next Mr. O. B. Sheppard, the popular manager of the Grand Opera House, takes his benefit. The play will be Lord Lytton's powerful drama, Richelieu, and the star Mr. Thomas W. Keene, a tragedian well and favorably known in Toronto. Perhaps there never was a season during which so many dramatic stars, famous in both the old world and the new, were seen in this city. Week following week with very few exceptions throughout the whole season the stage of the Grand Opera House has been occupied by the best actors and actresses on the American stage. Mr. Sheppard was also instrumental in bringing to Toronto Madame Albani and the greatest of French comedians, M. Coquelin, who, however poorly he was appreciated here, presented a piece of finished acting which those who saw and understood

will never forget. The public of Toronto has shown that it can thoroughly appreciate good dramatic exhibitions and it should come out in full force on Monday night, not only to swell the box office receipts, but also to give the stamp of its approval to the enterprise which has brought to Toronto during the past winter many of the brightest stars in the theatrical firmament. Mr. Sheppard's friends are many, and they should see that on Monday he has an overflowing house.

The Old Oaken Bucket has been drawing fairly well at the Toronto Opera House this week. It is essentially a dog show. Some one has said to a writer of plays, "Here are so many dogs trained to do certain things. String a number of events together so as to admit the introduction of these dogs as frequently as possible," and it seems as if The Old Oaken Bucket was constructed in this way. This show is pretty well supplied with all the modern sensations. It has one of those fire scenes which have become popular of late, and several bits of realistic scenery assist the dogs in keeping up a respectable amount of interest. But everything is made subservient to the dogs. Even the human performers seem to be kept down in order to bring the St. Bernards out in bold relief. The most vivid imagination cannot metamorphose any of the people in Grey & Stephen's company into actors or actresses. The performance of the dogs, however, was uproariously applauded, and they were brought before the curtain to respond to the homage properly accorded them as the principal performers.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

A Western dramatic critic, writing to the profession, remarks, with charming naivete: "If you people would only play more to the folks who pay their money to see you, and less to us deadheads there would be more fun all round."

When Marquise shall have ceased to shock Parisians a new comedy called *Mensonger*, by MM. Bourget, Lacour and Decourcelle, will attempt to wipe the stain from the stage of the Vaudeville Theater. Marquise is said to be the naughtiest play produced in Paris for many years.

Charles Arnold, a clever German comedian, who has been successful in London and the principal English provincial cities during the past two years in a musical comedy-drama entitled *Hans the Boatman*, has been secured by Simmonds & Brown for a tour through this country during the coming season.

The New York *Mirror* says: "Col. Charles Shaw, late associate manager with Mr. Jacobs in the Toronto Opera House, has sold out his interest to Mr. Sparrow of Montreal. It is said that Col. Shaw is interesting some capitalists in a project to build a theater in Toronto for first-class attractions only." We hadn't heard of it.

A new Canadian circuit is in contemplation. Arrangements are now about being completed whereby companies desiring to play east of Bangor can go to Fredericton, St. John and Moncton, N.B., and Truro, Halifax and Yarmouth, N.S. From the latter place, which has a new opera house, steamers can be taken direct to Boston. The above order can be reversed, the companies going to Yarmouth, and after completing the circuit leaving Fredericton for Upper Canada or Maine.

An American paper says: "If ever an actress received the cold shoulder and a snub, it was Mrs. Potter in Washington last week. Though the attendance at her performances was large the applause was extremely meagre. Society turned out in full force early in the engagement to witness her *Cleopatra*, and society was grievously disappointed. Socially, Mrs. Potter received no consideration whatever, and was not invited to any of the teas, receptions or afternoon card parties. Last year she was wined and dined rather extensively by General Joe Wheeler of Alabama, and even the General was not on hand this time. Of course her love-making to Kyrle Bellew created comment at the clubs for a time, but finally her audiences were composed chiefly of office clerks and diplomatic secretaries whose taste for the beautiful found gratification in the extremities of *Cleopatra's* fair feminine attendants, and Mrs. Potter's name ceased even to be whispered.

An exchange tells of a would-be actor who applied to Mr. Palmer for a position. Mr. Palmer, in his quiet way, said: "What claim have you to being an actor, and why do you adopt the stage as a profession?"

"Well," replied the W.-B. A., "you know, I must live."

"Not necessarily," replied Mr. Palmer.

This recalls another story of this long-suffering manager, who, by the way is reported to have read seven thousand plays during the past seventeen years—all bad but four. A well-known theatrical agent called upon him in regard to an aspiring young Thespian who had been in one of the M. S. road companies.

"Does he know anything, Mr. Palmer?" asked the agent.

"Know anything!" repeated Mr. Palmer with tragic emphasis, and then, in a hoarse whisper, "My dear boy, he doesn't even suspect anything!"

In the most courteous and dignified manner, Mr. Henry E. Abbey announces that he will not manage Mrs. Potter next season. And, with this comes a bit of inside information that allies Mr. Kyrle Bellew with Mrs. Potter in a business connection next season. The new combination is to be known as the Bellew-Potter combination, Mr. Bellew and Mrs. Potter to be starred equally, and the enterprise to be a joint speculation. It is not exactly known what they have decided to play, although it is more than likely that *Cleopatra*, Camille, and one or two other of the blue wrapper plays will be made the *pieces de resistance*. The Bellew-Potter combination will probably fare badly. It has been all very well for Mrs. Potter to steer her way through the rocks of the theatrical life under the able guidance and careful hand of Mr. Abbey and his associates; but she will find it rather difficult work, when she is left entirely to her own resources. If Mr. Abbey has been unable to make her a successful star, from a financial point of view, with all the experience and facilities at his command, under the guidance of so inexperienced a person as Mr. Kyrle Bellew, she is probably courting disaster.



Easter Bells.

For Saturday Night.

Easter bells! Glad Easter bells!
Ring your "silver jubilee!"
Earth's redemption-chorus swells
In your matin throndy;
Breaks the lights o'er lands afar—
Long in Error's sudden sway;
Rolls space the tones, which are
Heralds of Millennial day.

Peal with joy for Easter morn
Golden glory glides the sky.
Once, the Son-of Mary born—
Born—for human weal to die—
In the Cross and Passion paid
All the penalties of sin;
For the full atonement made—
Rising—brought the Easter in.

So, Sweet Bells, ring hope and peace
Unto all, who hear your chime;
Bid the restless surging cease;
Quell the turbulence of Time;
Laud the Right, and leash the wrong;
Praise the Truth, and on your wings
Bear her Easter triumph-song,
Till the World its homage brings.

Easter Bells! Glad Easter Bells!
Ring for Freedom's golden reign;
And the harmony which dwells
Where her peaceful laws obtain!
Peal for Christ, and crown Him King!
By His Grace our souls are free;
Then, your Silver tongues may sing
Easter Golden Jubilee.

The Elms, Toronto.

L. A. MORRISON.

A Lenten Lyric.

For Saturday Night.

My lady-love, my lady-love,
The fairest maid in town,
I love her when she smiles on me,
I love her though she frowns.
Indeed I cannot chide but love,
—So fair, sweet, true, is she,
My only marvel is that one
Like her should stoop to me.

My lady-love, my lady-love,
What e'er she does seems best;
I love her when she dances, rides;
I love her when at rest;
I love her when her laughter rings;
But in these Lenten days
I've found that, surely, best of all
I love her when she prays.

MAURICE O.

A Lost Friend.

For Saturday Night.

My friend he was; my friend from all the rest,
With childlike faith he opened to me his breast;
No door was locked on altar, grave, or grief;
No woe veiled, hidden no diabolical.
The hope, the sorrow, and the wrong were bare,
And, ah, the shadows only showed the fair.

I gave him love for love, but deep within
I magnified each frailty into sin;
Each hill-topped foible in the sunset glow,
Obscuring vale where river virtues flowed,
Reproof became reproach, till common grew
The captious word at every fault I knew.
He smiled upon the censorship, and bore
With patient love the touch that wounded sore;
Until at length, so bad my blindness grown,
He knew I judged him by his faults alone.

Alone, of all men, I who knew him best,
Refused the gold to take the cross he bore;
Cold strangers honored for the worth they saw;
His friend forgot the diamond in the flaw.

At last it came—the day he stood apart,
When from my eyes he proudly veiled his heart;
When carping judgment and uncertain word
A stern resentment in his bosom stirred;
When in his face I read what I had been,
And with his vision saw what he had seen.

Too late! too late! Oh, could he then have known
When his love died that mine had perfect grown;
That when the veil was drawn, abused, chastised,
The censor stood, the lost one truly prized.

Too late we learn a man must hold his friend
Unjudged, accepted, faithful to the end.

The Neglectful Student.

For Saturday Night.

Books over books, in wild confusion,
Upon his table wide are hurled;
Don't suffer from a vain delusion,
'Tis the neglectful student's world.

'Mid books he should have read before,
His time, now short, flies past.
With haste his work he leaves o'er;
'Tis long—he must go fast.

Two weeks—and then in Convocation,
With head crammed full of facts,
He faces dread examination
To fall or stand as Fortune acts.

If Fortune favors he gets
Such questions he may chance to know.
He rises higher on the steps
That lead him from the "fresh" below.

But if stern Justice overtake him,
And downy feathers from him fall,
The fleeing he receives should make him
A living warning to us all.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, April, 1889.

SAWDUST.

Jacquelinets.

For Saturday Night.

I may not speak in woe's dear, but let my words be flowers,
To tell their crimson secret in leaves of fragrant fire;
They plead for smiles and kisses as summer fields for
showers,

And every purple violet thrills with exquisite desire.
O, let me see the glance, dear—the gleam of soft confession
You give my amorous roses for the tender hope they prove;
And press their heart-leaves back, love, to drink their
deepest passion.

For their sweetest, wildest perfume is the whisper of my
love.
My roses, tell her, pleading, all the fondness and the sigh-
ing,
All the longing of a heart that reaches thirsting for its
bliss;
And tell her softly, roses, that my lips and eyes are lying
For the meeting of her look and the rapture of her
kiss.

JOHN BOYLE O'BRIEN.

Lex Talionis.

For Saturday Night.

He offered me his heart and hand
Whereat I laughed and said him nay;
But found it too late that when he went
He took my happiness away.

And so I wrote a little note;
"Dear Jack," I said, with sweet design,
"In love is't fair to change one's mind?"
Said he: "It is—and I've changed mine!"

Noted People.

Victoria Woodhull, now Mrs. Martin, "the once famous priestess of free love," is now in Paris. She has taken up her residence in the French capital, and is said to have spent two million francs on a house which is to be made an establishment for the gratuitous education of women.

It is now quite believed that the betrothal of two of the Prince of Wales' daughters will take place this season. Prince Charles of Sweden is to claim one Princess, and the other is to be given to the Hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern-Langenburg, now on a visit to Marlborough House. Prince Hohenzollern is handsome, of prepossessing manners, and with a perfect knowledge of the English language. He is also blessed with sufficient of the "ready" not to be twitted on account of his poverty. He is certainly a most desirable parti.

The handsomest man in Washington is a young baron, a recent addition to the German Legation. This beautiful creature besides possessing a fortune of six million of marks in his own right, is perhaps the most perfect specimen of Saxon manhood ever seen on this side of the water. He is six feet four in height and superbly proportioned. His hair and mustache are golden, his eyes of a turquoise hue. His manners are irreproachable and he is not yet thirty years of age. When this magnificent young giant appears dressed in uniform, his breast glittering with orders, he causes a sensation. Even the men admire him, and his great wealth adds to his personal charm.

The late Sir Thomas Gladstone's habits were frugal and somewhat parsimonious, as the following tale will show. He had let the fishmonger on his northern estate, but while in the vicinity of Fasque, a few years ago, he took a fancy to a fine salmon trout which was exposed for sale. After some haggling Sir Thomas purchased the fish, and handed it to his servant to carry home. But James thought it beneath his dignity to carry a salmon by a twig passed through its gills, and seized an early opportunity of handing it over to a street porter, whom he was about to remunerate with a sixpence from his own pocket, when his master, observing the transaction, coolly remarked, "Give me the sixpence, James; I'll carry the fish home," and, taking the coin, he relieved the man of his burden.

Fate seems to pursue the royal heads of Europe. The heir to the throne of France was slaughtered by savages; the heir to the throne of Holland died a miserable death; the heir to the throne of Germany just lived to grasp the sceptre, and then succumb to an agonizing malady; the heir to the throne of Russia saw his father assassinated, and has himself been in constant terror of assassination ever since he ascended the throne; the heir to the throne of Austria died under circumstances of horror unequalled in the modern chronicles of kings; the King of Bavaria committed suicide, and dragged his companion with him to death; the King of Spain saw his young wife die under circumstances of the greatest suspicion, and having married again, was soon stricken down by an incurable disease, and passed away long ere his prime, leaving a baby in long clothes.

The consideration shown by both Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Folson to servants is a constant subject of grateful remark among them. Neither lady ever gives an order. She asks to have her commission done. Nothing a servant ever does escape the reward of a smile and a thank you. At the hotel where Mrs. Cleveland lives the servants are put to much work carrying cards and packages to her rooms, but never make complaint. It is related that, rather than summon the colored doorman to her when she wishes some extra commission executed, she sometimes saves him steps by going part way down the stairs to speak to him. On one occasion the doorman was almost dozing in his chair when a draught of air aroused him. He started up to find Mrs. Cleveland pushing the heavy door open softly. "Oh," she said, smiling at his apologies, "I am so sorry you waked. I saw you were asleep, and didn't want to spoil your nap just to let me in."

Lord Salisbury's four elder sons have all embarked on regular professions. Lord Cranborne is to be the statesman, Lord William Cecil is a clergyman, Lord Robert is a barrister and practices regularly at the bar. Lord Edward is in the Grenadiers, and Lord Hugh has still his career before him. By the bye, it may not be generally known that Lord William was induced by his father into a comfortable living at the very time when the Marquis was engaged in carrying a Bill through Parliament, which was to prevent clergymen from taking livings until they had been a certain time in the church—which period Lord William had not yet completed. If, therefore, the Bill had become law before Lord William had gone through the formalities necessary to make him a vicar, it would have incapacitated him from becoming one for some time; but as it happened the one "Bill" was able to get quicker into his living than the other Bill could get through the House.

After it became known that the Prince of Wales would inspect the 10th Hussars at York, the troops were drilling and marching with a diligence that, although praiseworthy, was fatiguing, particularly for one of their officers, Prince Albert Victor. But, much as the young man likes to take life easily, he is too fully aware of the critical eyes with which his father will follow his movements as he puts his men through their manoeuvres, not to be willing to take any amount of trouble to make all pass off satisfactorily. There is no chance of any fault of tenue escaping the uncommonly sharp eyes of the Prince of Wales; and, indulgent father though he be, he has contrived to impress upon the minds of his sons the fact that his approval is a thing well worth working for; his censure a thing to be avoided by the wise. His Royal Highness thoroughly understands *l'art d'être père*; perhaps it was his mother's total lack of *l'art d'être mère* that awoke him to the necessity of studying the question.

King Milan's dread of assassination was ludicrous in the extreme. He slept in a sort of armor-plated bedroom, the door of which he always locked himself. There was no chimney

in the room, in case of bombs, a mantiff slept across the foot of his bed, and by his side there always lay a loaded revolver. It is also currently reported that the valiant King wore his coat of chain mail under his nightshirt. He certainly never moved abroad of late without it. He avoided made dishes, and lived largely on biscuits, tinned meat, and eggs boiled in their shells. His wine was always uncorked in his presence; but perhaps if Milan had been aware of the cunning devices of the Hindu drink-sellers of Calcutta, he would have shunned the bowl entirely. For the clever Hindu can extract the contents of a bottle of fine brandy and refill it with the most poisonous stuff, without breaking cork, capsule, or label, or leaving the slightest outward and visible sign of his work.

The Queen of Festivals.

As the nativity of our Lord affords to the family the most joyous anniversary of the year, when all its members, no matter how far distant from each other, seek to reunite about the paternal board, so does the anniversary of the Resurrection, coming as it does with the return of spring, attune our thoughts to worship and praise and gratitude for our redemption. What more fitting expression of these hallowed feelings can there be than that afforded by Music and her sister Song? So well is this known and so deeply is it felt, that in almost all denominations of the Christian religion, Easter is the season when the most elaborate musical services are rendered in the churches. In Toronto, with its hundred and fifty places of worship, and with its wealth of musical talent and musical interest, we are especially happy in the possession of a strong love for such services, and of a strong ambition to render them worthy of the great festival. Every year sees greater efforts to emphasize our joy, and every year sees greater beauty in the pean of praise that arises to Him about whose throne the Cherubim and Seraphim cry Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.

The programmes of the musical services in our principal churches are given below, as well as the names of some of the best known "sweet singers of Israel," who are taking prominent part in the festivity. It will be seen that on all sides progress is being made in the character and worth of the music to be rendered, and its constant improvement from year to year forms no mean indication of the musical growth and development of Toronto.

ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL—Morning—Introit. See now the palms, Faure, arranged by Dudley Buck; Te Deum, Calkin, in B flat; Jubilate, Cobb, in G; Anthem, Awake thou that sleepest, Maker; Offertory, Let your light so shine, Monk. W. E. Haslam, choir-master.

ST. PETER'S—Morning—Anthem, Awake thou that sleepest, Maker; Offertory sentences, Loggers. Evening—Anthem, Rejoice in the Lord, Elvey; Offertory, solo, Miss Jardine Thompson. W. E. Haslam, choir-master.

ST. SIMON'S CHURCH—Matins—Processional, 134, Ancient and Modern, Jesus Christ is risen to-day; Easter Anthem, Christ our pass-over, Anglican; Psalms 2, 57, 111, Anglican; Te Deum, Barrett, in E flat; Jubilate, Calkin, in B flat; Introit Hymn, 131, Ancient and Modern, Christ the Lord is risen to-day; Kyrie and Gloria, Dykes, in F; Nicene Creed, Stainer; Offertory Sentences, Rogers; Sursum Corda, Sanctus, Dykes, in F; Benedictus, Agnus Dei, Woodward, in E flat; Hymns 107 and 124, Ancient and Modern; Recessional, Nunc Dimittis, Anglican. Evening—Processional, 134, Ancient and Modern, Jesus Christ is risen to-day; Psalms 113, 114, 115, Gregorian; Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, Gregorian; Anthem, This is the day the Lord hath made, Cooke; Hymn 132, Ancient and Modern, The day of resurrection; Recessional, 140, Ancient and Modern, Jesus lives. J. W. F. Harrison, organist and choir-master.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH—Morning—Te Deum, J. L. Hopkins; Anthem, God hath appointed a day, Tours. Evening—Festal Service in F. E. J. Hopkins; Anthem, As it began to dawn, George C. Martin. Percy V. Greenwood, organist and choir-master.

CHURCH OF ASCENSION—Morning—Hymn 182, Christ the Lord is risen to-day; Christ our Passover, Russell, in G; Gloria, Davies, in C; Te Deum, Marsh, in C; Jubilate, Wood, in E; Anthem, They have taken away my Lord, Stainer; Hymn 187, Awake, glad—out, awake; Hymn 187, Hallelujah, hearts to heaven and voices raise; Offertory Sentences, Martin. Evening—Hymn 183, Jesus Christ is risen to-day; Gloria, Davies, in C; Cantate, Gilbert, in A; Deus, Gilbert, in A; Anthem, I know that my Redeemer liveth, Since by man, my Christ came also, For as in Adam, Even so in Christ, Worthy is the Lamb (Messiah), Handel; Hymn 273, I know that my Redeemer liveth; Offertory Sentences, Rogers; Hymn 186, The day of resurrection. Edgar R. Doward, organist and choir-master.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER—Morning—Hymn 182, Christ the Lord is risen to-day; Easter Anthem, Humphrey; Gloria Patri, Aldrich; Te Deum, Hopkins, in G; Jubilate, Schubert; Hymn 180, The strife is o'er; Kyrie, Schubert; Gloria Tibi, Anglican; Hymn 185, Jesus lives; Offertory Anthem, Christ is risen, Thorne. Evening—Hymn 183, Jesus Christ is risen to-day; Gloria Patri, Aldrich; Magnificat, Dykes, in F; Nunc Dimittis, Dykes, in F; Anthem, Blessed be the God and Father, Wesley; Solos by Miss Annie Langstaff and Mr. E. W. Schuch; Hymn 186, The day of resurrection; Offertory; solo, I know that my Redeemer liveth (Messiah), Handel; Hymn 187, Hallelujah! hearts to heaven. G. H. Fairclough, organist; E. W. Schuch, choir-master.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY—Choral Matins—Processional Hymn, 131; Easter Anthems, Chant; proper Psalms, Gregorian; Te Deum, Saffrey; Benedictus, Chant, Hymn 135; during offertory—Carol, The world itself keeps Easter-day. Communion Service—J. B. Calkin, in D. Recessional Hymn, 140. Evening—Processional Hymn, 134; proper Psalms, Gregorian; Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, Chants; Hymns 125 and 127; Anthem during offertory, Christ our Passover, Hodges; Recessional Hymn, 137. Organist and choir-master, A. R. Blackburn.

GRACE CHURCH—Matins—Voluntary, Hallelujah Chorus (Messiah); Hymn, Welcome happy morning; Service, Bridgewater, in A; Hymn, The strife is o'er; Offertory, Quartette

in G minor (op. 27), Spohr; Hymn, Lord Jesus, we are one with Thee. Evening—Voluntary, I know that my Redeemer liveth (Messiah); Hymn, Jesus Christ is risen to-day; Service, Clarke-Whitfield, in E; Anthem, Christ is risen from the dead, Elvey; Hymn, Again the Lord of life and glory; Offertory, Melody in G, Petrali; Hymn, Alleluia, alleluia; Closing voluntary, Grand march in G. Mrs. York, organist; G. Y. Timms, choir-master.

JARVIS STREET BAPTIST CHURCH—Evening—Easter Service of Praise—Organ Prelude, Easter Offertory, Guilman; Chorus, The strife is o'er, Mendelssohn; Hymn, He dies! the friend of sinners dies; Chant; Anthem, Awake, thou that sleepest, Allen; Offertory; Hymn-Anthem, O for a shout of sacred joy, Vogt; Chorus, Rejoice in the Lord, Dr. Gaul; Hymn, Christ the Lord is risen to-day, tune Essex; Organ Postlude, Hallelujah, Handel; soloists, Mrs. Chestnut, Misses Muir and Morell, Misses Lugadin and Wood, Messrs. Lye and Young, and Messrs. Lugadin. A. S. Vogt, organist and choir-master.

ELM STREET METHODIST CHURCH—Morning—Anthem, Why seek ye the living (S. P. Warren), Miss Banton and choir; Anthem, They have taken away my Lord (Stainer); Solo, I know that my Redeemer liveth (Handel) Miss Banton. Evening—Duet, Now while by their bitter sorrow, Mr. Gorrie and Mr. Blight; Trio, The Lord he is risen again, Mrs. Woodcock, Miss Grainger, and Miss Scott; Solo and Chorus, From thy love as a Father (Redemption Hymn), Miss Banton and Choir; Solo, Resurrection (Shelley), Mr. Blight; Hallelujah Chorus (Handel). Mrs. H. M. Blight, organist; H. M. Blight, conductor.

ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL—Grand musical service at High Mass, 10.30 a.m. Haydn's Grand Mass No. 2, with chorus of 40 voices. Soloist—Soprano, Mrs. Jos. O'Hara, Mrs. Tilly Vale, Mrs. J. D. Ward, Miss P. Sheehan, Miss Lizzie Fletcher, Mrs. Mary Hager; Contralto, Miss Anastasia Murphy, Mrs. Phelan, Miss Reese; Tenor, Mr. J. D. Ward, W. J. MacNamara; Bass, Mr. Caron, Frank Anglin, Michael Stack J. Crowley, Mr. Keith. At the Offertory will be rendered Regina Coeli, Lambillotte, Duet and Chorus. Evening—Trio, O Salutaris Hostia, Mercadante; Soprano, Mrs. O'Hara; Tenor, Mr. J. D. Ward; Baritone, Mr. Frank Anglin; also Grand Tantum Ergo. J. H. Lemaître, organist.

ST. BASIL'S CHURCH—High Mass 10.30 a.m., Kalliwod's Grand Mass in D. The orchestra will be led by Messrs. Bailey and Boucher. Soloists—Soprano, Miss Bolster and Miss Ormsby; contralto, Mrs. Gough; tenor, Mr. J. F. Kirk; bass, Mr. H. T. Kelly. The offertory piece will be Hae Dies, by G. H. Nixon; bass solo, Mr. Kelly, and chorus accompanied by orchestra. At the evening service, 7.30 o'clock, General's Grand Musical Vespers; Benediction, Regina Coeli, Lambillotte; O Salutaris (quartet), Sir M. Costa; Tantum Ergo, Beale, soprano solo and chorus. Rev. P. Chalandard, director.

ST. PAUL'S (Roman Catholic)—High Mass at 11 a.m., Mozart's Twelfth Mass; soloists, Misses Curran and Carroll and Messrs. Tomney and McGuire; O rest in the Lord (Elijah), Mendelssohn, Mrs. Pettley; O Salutaris, Mr. Pettley; Tantum Ergo, Milard, Mr. Durham.

UNITARIAN CHURCH—Morning—Union service of consecration and Sunday school, composed of responsive readings, glorias, chants, hymns, Easter carols, anthems and musical responses.

QUEEN STREET METHODIST CHURCH—Morning—Hymn, 172, The rising God forsakes the tomb; Anthem, Why seek ye the living among the dead, Clare; Hymn, 173, Sons of God, triumphant rise; Solo, But thou didst not leave his soul in hell (Handel), Miss Howard; Hymn, 170, Hail thou once despised Jesus. Evening—Hymn, 171, Ye humble souls that seek the Lord; Anthem, Recitative and Air, On the first day of the week (Lott), Mr. Robert Spice; Chorus, He is not here for He is risen; Hymn, 174, Hallelujah; solo, I know that my Redeemer liveth (Handel), Mrs. Baxter; Hymn, 175, God is gone up on high. James B. Baxter, conductor.

TRINITY METHODIST CHURCH—Morning—Anthem, The Lord is king, Pittman. Afternoon—Easter service by the Sunday school. Evening—Anthem, Praise ye the Father, Gounod. Solos by Mrs. Caldwell. W. J. McNally, choir-master.

BOND STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Morning—Voluntary, Hallelujah Chorus, Handel; Anthem, Christ being raised, Elvey; Anthem, Now on the first day, Label; Solo, Christ is risen (Lloyd), Mrs. Murray Dickson; appropriate hymns; Voluntary, Sing unto God, Handel. J. G. Lawson, choir-master and conductor.

METROPOLITAN METHODIST CHURCH—Morning—Anthem, I will mention Thy loving kindness (Sullivan), solo Mr. Dent. Evening—Anthem, Break forth in joy, Barnby; Chorus, Unfold ye portals, Redemption, Gounod. F. H. Torrington, director.

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES—Morning—Mozart's first mass in C. Soloists, Miss McGrath, Miss Croft, soprano; Miss Scott, contralto; Messrs. Lee and O'Connor, tenors, and Messrs. Horetzki and Gendron, bass. Obernier's orchestra will assist. Evening—Vespers and benediction, by the full choir; Gounod's Ave Verum; a selection from Mors et Vitae, with viola obligato, by Mr. Obernier; and Violon's Ave Maria, by Mrs. McGann, with violin obligato, also by Mr. Obernier. Mr. L. J. Richardson, director.

Varsity Chat.

The programme for the Modern Language Club next year is already being mapped out. Mr. Stuart's notice calls for essays on each of the following subjects: Late Poets, Dickens, Tennyson, Canadian Authors, each subject to be treated by three essayists and from three standpoints. Attention will also be paid to the early English drama as represented by Marlowe, Jonson, and Massinger, to modern masters of style, Lamb and Pater, and the Southern school of Belton, to which the Harpers devoted considerable space in May, 1887. Mr. Bonner asks for a number of essays on German authors.

A petition is now on the janitor's table which has received many signatures and awaits more. In a preamble of several clauses the necessity

John Bright's Home.

Perhaps the first impression produced by a view of Mr. Bright's residence, One Ash, Rochdale, is that it is in harmony with the veteran tribune's own character. Mr. Bright, when at home, ensconced himself in no scene of sylvan beauty, where the warbling of birds and the rippling of brooks may soothe the senses and lull to languorous ease. His house is a plain, solid, unpretending building of red brick. The grounds in which it is contained are not extensive, and as to the *entourage*, he would be a remarkably imaginative person who could see any beauty in that.



GREENBANK, NEAR ROCHEDALE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN BRIGHT.

Mr. Bright, however, when as a young man he married and entered upon his career, built One Ash to please himself. It has been his home ever since. He loved it. For him its bleak position on the confines of a desolate Lancashire moor had no terrors. Within its gates he was in touch alike with the famous mills across the road, in which he employed over 1,000 hands, and with the people of ugly, smoky, irregular, but thriving Rochdale, the thousand and one tall chimneys of which form the not very enchanting prospect that is presented when one's eye, looking out of the front windows, passes the limits of the garden and is directed to the region beyond. Mr. Bright, whose life's work has been for the people, had chosen to dwell amongst them.

A sufficient idea of the exterior of One Ash may be obtained from the illustration. It faces the south. Immediately in front is a gravelled terrace, from which a grassy slope descends to the lawn, and fringing the lawn are shrubberies. The entrance to the house is at the eastern end, near to the porch being the famous tree—the one ash—which gives verisimilitude to the name that has been chosen for the residence. How came the name to be selected? Thereby hangs a tale. Some of the ancestors of Mr. Bright lived in Derbyshire, at Mony—or, as it was alternatively called, Many-Ash. The story is that when Mr. Bright built his present home he saw an opportunity for making humorous capital out of the existence of a solitary tree of the species, and by way of antithesis to the appellation of the home of his ancestors christened his new residence One Ash.

The dwelling is admirably planned. The door opens upon a corridor that runs the whole length of the center of the ground floor, and off which on each side branch the living rooms. Let us proceed at once to the study, for, though Mr. Bright has lately preferred to write in the drawing-room, here it was that in the busy period of his life all his great efforts were meditated and prepared for. It is just the room for the purpose. Placed at the extremity of the corridor, on the right hand, its window is cut in the western flank of the house, and the outlook is precisely what one may take to be best conducive to mental effort. A little grass plot in the foreground, a giant rhododendron bush—the only shrub, you learn, that really thrives in Rochdale smoke—shutting in all beyond and around. It is a delightfully peaceful little prospect. One to insensibly soothe the eye, and by screening off all distracting sight or sound to materially aid the process of concentration. It is not a large room—no study, perhaps, ought to be so—but to the visitor it is full of interest.



ONE ASH, ROCHEDALE.

One notices with satisfaction that, notwithstanding the breach between himself and Mr. Gladstone, the counterfeit presentments of his old ally still enjoy the place of honor in Mr. Bright's sanctum. Two portraits hang on the walls—one representing the ex-Premier in wood-cutting costume, seated on the gnarled roots of a tree—and a striking bust of Mr. Gladstone surmounts a mirror book-case containing the handy volumes of Cassell's National Library. Other portraits are engravings of Abraham Lincoln, Joseph Hume, Villiers and George Washington. A memento of the last named, as interesting as it is valuable, hangs also on the wall. It is a framed letter of the great American liberator, dated from Cambridge, U. S., on the 17th of December, 1775, and is as follows:

Sir,—The applications for liberty to go to the lines are so frequent that they cause much trouble. You will therefore, Sir, grant passes to such as you think proper. At the same time I would recommend to you that the officer who will attend upon these occasions be an officer of sense, and one who will carefully attend to the conversation of those who meet on the lines.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant, GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The paper is yellow and the ink faded, but the handwriting is a model that might be copied in the present year of grace by anyone who aims at a neat and clear calligraphy. A bust of Mr. Bright himself is one of the features of the room, and an old portrait of himself and his daughter, Mrs. Clark, finds a place upon the mantelpiece.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

for increased athletic accommodation is set forth, and the senate is besought to have the field in the rear of the building levelled so as to be ready for use next fall. It is to be hoped that this petition will not meet with the usual fate of such documents.

We have received an invitation for a representative to Queen's College Conversazione on April 23. We appreciate the compliment, but no representative can possibly be sent so late in the term.

Cricket practice goes on beside baseball, but the latter has a decided preference—owing to the heat, of course. It will be a good year for ambitious tail-enders who wish to secure a place on the team and have their photographs taken.

Lectures come to an end this week. Some have already ceased while others are being crowded on at the last moment. But the last will be delivered and we shall retire to our shells and bury ourselves in books, to reappear on Thursday, May 1, at the registrar's call and receive our pseudonyms and go down through the dark valley.

At this stage everybody regrets his own laziness. A day in April is worth a week in November. Some will continue to regret all summer, others will leave a sigh of relief about June 15, and in their joy forget all about the good resolutions now being hourly made. Experience ought to teach us sense, but somehow or other it does not. The human nature in us is the same as that in men who are fooled and fooled again on the stock market and who never learn. NEMO.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT OFFICE.]

G. W. R.—The estimated population of Buffalo is 240,000, Detroit 200,000, Toronto 170,000.

INQUIRE—I know of no place in Canada where the tickets you ask for can be purchased.

LOA.—The art of making sugar from sap of maple trees was first discovered in 1753 in New England.

J. P. WINNIPEG.—The Farmer's Sketches has never been published in book form, but will make its appearance this summer.

C. A. V.—It is not considered necessary to acknowledge the receipt of a birthday card, nor to respond to a letter or card of condolence. A widow retains her own Christian name.

AN INQUIRE, Toronto.—The generally accepted meaning of the word *Miraphis* is, The Lord watch between thee and me. The Bible Dictionary gives the word as meaning watchtower.

SUBSCRIBER, Deerhurst.—You should apply to the fence viewers to come and settle your dispute. The rails which are on A's land can be claimed by him, but if you are wise you will keep out of a land fence lawsuit. You are aggravating an unprofitable strife.

A SUBSCRIBER, Guelph.—Your writing is not extra good, but your education appears to be sufficient for a member of the police force. Your size and age are up to the standard of the Toronto force. There would be a very slight chance of your getting an appointment unless you lived in Toronto and had good references, as the applications for positions are very numerous.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRE, Barrie.—Publishers sometimes pay for short stories, but they have to be excellent and a writer is in very good luck if he gets the first stories printed at all.

2. Manuscripts should be written on one side of the paper only and sent with a wrapper round them like a newspaper or in a large unsealed envelope. 3. Your penmanship is fair. With practice it would be quite a ladylike hand.

ADDIE H.—It is almost always best to follow the judgment of one's parents, though it is very unreasonable for your parents to be prejudiced against a young man on account of a "maneuver." 4. One of his relatives. As you have promised to marry him keep your promise but delay a little while, and no doubt the young man will be able to convince your relatives that he is worthy of you.

5. Your writing is fairly good, but school-girlish. I should judge that your character is not matured; that you are of rather an uncertain disposition, inclined to be cautious and good-tempered; but your spelling in several instances could be improved. I cannot answer your third question, as the slip of paper has gone astray.

Lord Elwyn's Daughter.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER I.

The Farm garden was all ablaze with mid-summer flowers. On either side of the narrow gravel path they crowded one upon the other in sweet wild confusion—pink and crimson double-poppies nodding their heads in the gentle breeze, tufts of white pinks, golden margolds and deep-blue lupins, feather sprays of "old man," with its strange pungent odor, deep-eyed purple pansies and old-fashioned cabbage-roses; and behind them all a hedge of sweetbriar, with tall spikes of many-colored hollyhocks and grey broad-faced sunflowers in a row, with here and there a stately lily standing up pure and white and virginal, like some dainty lady lifting her delicate head above the crowd of humbler village beauties which were the bees were having a good time of it in Mayfield Farm garden this morning. Such a buzzing and humming there was in the air—such a whirling of wings—such a hurrying to and fro between the flower-borders and the deep straw-thatched hives along the southern wall—the wall upon which Kathleen sat and watched them with quietly-absorbed eyes!

There was not a fairer flower in all the old Farm garden than Kathleen herself. She sat very still upon the wall, her white sun-bonnet, that cast soft shadows on her rose-tinted face, tilted a little bit forward over her eyes, her arms straightened out behind her, the small fingers, browned by the sun, but fine and delicate in shape, clenching the rough bricks as the bees came and went. She was looking at the young figure, in its simple cotton gown, inclining backwards so that every symmetrical outline was shown off in all its natural grace, whilst not all the disfigurement of coarse-soled cotton stockings and homely village-made shoes could conceal the perfectly-made little feet and the slender ankles that peeped forth one above the other beneath the hem of her dress. Could this graceful child, with her rare beauty and natural air of discipline, be really and truly the daughter of old Farmer Dobson and of Jean, his honest, hard-working wife?

Nobody in Mayfield had ever asked themselves the question—save perhaps Mr. Engle, the clergyman, or Doctor Greeve as he passed her by on his rounds, mounted on his high doc-art. The rest of the village would trouble itself very little about her. She was, they thought, just an idle, feckless little thing, "swoot" and pert, and brought up to do nothing by her over-indulgent parents.

Kathleen was quite happy in her own way. The flowers were her children, tended and watered by her own hands; the bees were her daily companions. Nobody was kind to her, no one ever spoke cross words to her. She had hardly shed a single tear in all her short life. She was perhaps a little selfish; but then she had not a care in the world, so how could she be otherwise?

And yet, at this very hour, as she sat in the sunshine watching the bees as they buried themselves murmuring in the golden hearts of the scented flowers, trouble and change were already on their way towards her; the last note of her innocent child life had struck, and new things were about to befall her.

Mrs. Dobson was behind the house in the chicken yard tending her young broods, little fluffy creatures that hurried forward at her approach to devour the contents of a tin which she poured out on the ground for their benefit; the good woman, who was broad-faced and rough, quite unlike the delicate dream-child in the flower garden, had turned up the skirt of her dress over her head to protect it from the sun, and was duly engrossed with her occupation.

She had a keen eye for all her feathered charges, flung a special scrap of meal to the delicate chick in the background, separated two angry belligerents with her iron spoon, drove away the elders in favor of the younger and weaker fledglings, and was altogether quite in her element, when suddenly, looking up at the distant sound of approaching wheels, she perceived over the farm wall a smart mail phaeton approaching the house rapidly down the hill.

Mrs. Dobson stood upright and shaded her eyes with her hand from the level rays of the afternoon sun. There was something of disquietude in her attitude. The carriage drove nearer and nearer. There were two handsome stepping bay horses in it, a neat groom behind, and a middle-aged gentleman dressed in deep mourning on the driving-seat.

With a sudden exclamation of surprise and dismay, Mrs. Dobson dropped her hand and her bowl of chicken-meal simultaneously, and hurried back into the house.

Everybody was in the hay-field—men, maids, and master—on this fine summer day—everybody but herself and Kathleen. Where was Kathleen, by-the-way? Safe out of the way, she hoped. Perhaps she had gone down to the hay-field too.

Mrs. Dobson turned into the best parlor, smoothed her rumpled locks at the glass, and held her hand for a moment over her fast-beating heart.

"I could not be mistaken!" she murmured nervously. "It's years ago, but I should know him anywhere! Just the same old hard face, only a little grayer and older. What can he want?"

Then her sharp ears caught the clatter of holed boots in the back passage. One of the farm boys had come to the house on some trifling errand.

"Run, run, Jim!" cried the mistress to him. "Put down that beer can, and run as fast as ever you can back to the field! Tell Mr. Dobson to come home at once; he is wanted very particular, tell him, up at the house."

Jim sped off with shambling but rapid steps, and Mrs. Dobson breathed more freely.

"I could not face his lordship alone!" she muttered to herself as the phaeton and its smart pair of horses came dashing up to the front door.

Mayfield Farm was a solid red brick and gabled old house, with twisted chimneys and deep overhanging eaves. The little gravel sweep in front was as neat as the approach to a gentleman's house; and the roses and clematis clambering all round the lattice windows rendered the place picturesque and thoroughly homelike in appearance. There was a look of comfort and well-to-do about it which the old gentleman noted with approving eyes as he drove up to the door.

"It wasn't such a bad home for the girl after all," he said to himself, whilst the groom was ringing the bell.

The porch door stood wide open, and as the bell rang, the farmer's wife herself, curtsying shyly, stood in the open doorway.

"Are Mr. and Mrs. Dobson within?"

"I am Mrs. Dobson, my lord."

He looked at her sharply.

"Ah, yes, to be sure! I remember you. I want to speak to you, Mrs. Dobson—to you and your good husband."

Lord Elwyn followed Mrs. Dobson into the best parlor, still called at Mayfield by that old-fashioned name. His eyes, as he entered, took in the old prints upon the faded walls, the blue and white china upon the mantel-shelf, the great bowl of pot-pourri on the table, the little collection of English poets and standard novels in the bookcase against the wall. There was nothing pretentious about Mrs. Dobson's best parlor. It was all very simple, but it was all good of its kind; and there were an open rosewood cottage piano with some music upon it and some fresh flowers in vases about the room,

that gave yet further evidence of feminine refinement in the little parlor. Lord Elwyn had assuredly paid no attention to all these details the last time he had been in this very room seventeen years ago.

"You will wonder what has brought me to Mayfield, Mrs. Dobson," said the great man to the farmer's wife.

Mrs. Dobson did wonder very much indeed, and wished from the bottom of her heart that her good man would make haste and come up from the hay-field. If she had the strength of mind to make any rejoinder to her visitor's remark, she would have said, "No good, I'll be bound!"—but, as that would scarcely have been a civil remark, she only curtsied again, and, casting down her eyes, awaited the issues of fate.

"I have had a great sorrow this year," said Lord Elwyn gravely. "I have lost my only son."

The good woman's eyes sought his sympathetically.

"Dear me, my lord, I am very sorry to hear it!" she said feelingly.

"I will not dwell on it," he added a little hurriedly. "I mentioned it only to arrive more easily at the object of my visit. My poor son was fifteen—he died of consumption, abroad. Perhaps you know that I have no other child—by my present wife, I mean."

There was a heavy step upon the threshold, and the farmer entered the room. He looked in amazement from the tall figure of the well-dressed man, standing up stiffly and erectly with his back to the place, to the crouching form of his sobbing wife.

"Lord Elwyn has come to take our darling away!" cried the poor woman, amid her tears. Lord Elwyn made a gesture of impatience.

"Surely there is nothing to make a grievance about! I confided my little girl as an infant to your care; I told you to bring her up as your own—to conceal her parentage from her. My foolish early marriage was, as you know, a thing I did not care to acknowledge. Her poor mother died, and but for the child's existence the whole business would have been wiped out. Now it suits me to own her and to take her back. There is nothing to make a fuss about. I have changed my mind concerning her—that is all. I have paid you well, and you are the losers in any way. I will make it as well worth your while to give her up as it has been to keep her."

He spoke with angry irritation; having made up his mind to cancel the work of years, he did not care to be hawed at by the old man. He made no allowance for sentiment—sentiment indeed entered very seldom into Lord Elwyn's calculations—he chose to consider the whole transaction solely and entirely from a business point of view.

"You have been well paid," he said again angrily—"what have you to complain of?"

"It's not the money, my lord," said Dobson slowly, speaking for the first time—"we don't complain about that—you've always paid us fair. What the missus and I will take to heart sorely is the losing of our little girl."

It annoyed Lord Elwyn to hear him speak of his daughter with this familiar fondness. All these years he had given his child up to these worthy people, bidding them call her by their own name and be unto her as a father and mother; and yet now, because the whim had come to him to take back his own, he was angry to find how thoroughly the good people had carried out his instructions.

"Tut, tut," he said, waving his hand impatiently. "I am in my right—it suits me to acknowledge her."

The farmer, who was a man of few words, bent his head in assent, while Mrs. Dobson became dissolved again in tears.

"Let me see her at once!" said Lord Elwyn peremptorily; and Mrs. Dobson slipped away to find and prepare the child who had grown as dear to her as though she had been her own. Scarcely however had the door closed behind her when from the garden there came the sound of a bright singing voice, and across the little grass plot before the open window Kathleen came bounding forward, her kitten perched upon her shoulder, her dog jumping up at her hand as she ran.

"Daddy, daddy," cried the girl, "are you back already? I was just going for my rake and coming down to the meadow to help! Why, it is nearly tea-time, and my whole day's work has your idle Kathie done all day!"

Suddenly she stood still, as through the open French window she caught sight of the stranger within the room. As for Lord Elwyn, he was struck speechless by the vision of loveliness as was this charming maiden he had certainly been wholly unprepared to see.

Coming along he had been filled with not unnatural apprehensions concerning the child he had not seen for seventeen years. She would be rough and uncouth, no doubt—awkward in her gait, ungainly in her dress; but he expected her to be otherwise. She might well indeed have inherited personal beauty, for the first Lady Elwyn, whom he had secretly married out of a village inn in his college days, had been beautiful as a poet's dream; but her child's beauty, if she had any, would surely be of that wild untutored type which might be very charming in a farm-yard, but would scarcely be in its proper place in a Belgravian drawing-room.

"She will have to be licked into shape in a boarding-school!" he had said to himself. But, when he saw her, all his terrors were put to flight in a moment. She was beautiful with all and more than all her dead mother's beauty; she was graceful with a grace which not all the homeliness of her garments could conceal; and there was, moreover, a certain stamp of birth set upon the broad white brow and upon the small well-shaped head and oval face which he had never so much as glimpsed of in his proper place in a Belgravian drawing-room.

"Come in, my dear," said Dobson to the hesitating girl. She came in shyly through the open window. The gentleman—Lord Elwyn—has come to see you."

"To see me, daddy?" she echoed wonderingly.

It was a curious little scene that followed. Kathleen went forward and held out her small hand timidly to the stranger.

"How do you do?" she said simply.

Lord Elwyn grasped her hand and drew her towards him.

"Tell her, Dobson," he said to the farmer, "and Dobson told her somewhat lamely, and brokenly he related the story—the story of long ago which both men knew so well, but which to the girl was such a marvellous revelation of things undreamt of—the story of a rich man's son who fell in love with a humble, born girl, and who married her unknown to his father, and the marriage a secret till the young wife had died in giving birth to her first child; and then how he, still fearing the anger of an autocratic father, had determined to provide as best he could for the child and never to acknowledge it, and how he had gone away and forgotten her; and how, when time had passed on, he had married a second time in his own rank of life and had had another child, a son and heir, so that the daughter of his youth was left

still farther away in the cold distance of the forgotten past. And now the heir was dead, and Lord Elwyn had remembered his other child—and that child was no other than Kathleen herself.

Young as she was, ignorant of life, unversed in the traditions and ways of the world, it all became clear to her at last—the pitiful story of her own birth, of her mother's early death, and of her father's obliviousness of herself. She grew red and white by turns as she listened with tightly-clasped hands and eyes opened wide from emotion which wandered quickly from her foster-father sitting by the table to this new real father standing with his back to the fireplace.

"And now my dear," said the farmer, as he concluded his little recital—"now my lord has come to claim you, and you will go away to be a great lady, and have advantages which we never could have given you here—education and accomplishments and grand society. You must begin to learn that you are no farmer's daughter, but a lady born. It's a fine thing that is going to happen to you, Kathleen—a very fine thing; and you must be very grateful to much for the boy and the village clerk's thank Heaven, my dear, when you say your prayers to-night, for giving you back your own dear father—for, as we have all been told, blood is thicker than water, and there's nothing like one's own flesh and blood after all!"

But Kathleen answered never a word—she only looked with wild, frightened eyes from one to the other, and the color fled from her startled face, and her breath came short and quick.

With a curious sense of intense interest, Lord Elwyn watched her. What was she going to do or say? How was she going to take this revelation that had been made to her? Was the rapture of coming grandeur all too much for her? Or was she, as the farmer's wife was 'the emotion of finding a father too great for her bearing heart? He held out his hands to her and smiled at her kindly. But Kathleen drew back and clenched her little fingers tightly together.

"I will not come with you! You are no father to me—you never owned my mother, and you have forgotten me all these years! I will stay with the only father I know and love—I will not be your child or go to you!" Then, suddenly, she turned and ran to the door, crying aloud, with a great sob, "Oh, daddy, dear daddy, I will never, never leave you! I don't want any fine people or places—I only want my father and my mammy to the end of my life!"

Lord Elwyn never quite forgot the horrible shock which her words gave him, or the sense of shame with which her disavowal of his claims cooled him. It was as though the sins of his fathers had been visited upon him, and he reviled him for his past through the mouth of his child. And yet he liked her all the better for her resistance. The girl had a character and a spirit of her own. So much the better! He recognized her, he recognized himself in her anger and her scorn.

It was with positive humility and deference that he spoke to her, urging her to reconsider her determination.

"I will not pass you now," he said to her, when he had used every argument he could think of to change her mood. "I will leave you for a week to think it over, so that you may get accustomed to the idea; then I will send for you. I should be sorry to take you away with undue haste from this house where you have been happy, and from these kind friends who have been so good to you. In a week's time you will think better of it."

She only shook her head as it lay upon her mother's shoulder, and covered closer down into his sheltering arms.

So Lord Elwyn went away, and Kathleen was left mistress of the situation.

CHAPTER II.

Not for long, though. When seventeen and ignorance and weakness set itself in opposition to forty-five and knowledge and strength it stands to reason that the one must very soon go to the wall, whilst the other must eventually triumph.

A week later a very sad and forlorn-looking Kathleen was standing by the gate leading out into the five-acre meadow in the little lane along which the cows sauntered home every evening.

Kathleen—pale and heavy-eyed, as though tears had held her sleepless for many nights—and there was a droop at the corners of her pretty mouth and a tremor on her rosy lips.

"And now, my dear, I am going to-morrow, Kathleen, after all your promises!" said her companion, with a groan.

"How was I to help it, Tom? They say he has a right by law to take me—and they would let me live at home; they said I must go. How was I to stand out alone?"

The man leaning across the gate groaned again. He was a large-made rough-looking man dressed in a brown velvet-cout. He had tangled dark hair and eyes that glowed and burned with strange and intense light. His features were strongly hewn and powerful, and there was a tendency to coarseness in the lines of the heavy mouth and jaw. It was not exactly a bad face, but it was a face which suggested the possibility of violent passions and unreasoning animosity. At the same time there was something reassuring in the intensity of the eyes and something that was almost noble in the breadth of the brows and head.

He felt instinctively that poor Tom Darley that he was one of those people who, in good hands and in happy circumstances, might be capable of much goodness, and yet who, on the other hand, if ill-used and buffeted by fate, might possibly develop dormant forces that would turn him into a veritable evil.

For the rest, Tom Darley was no ne'er-do-well. He was the tenant of a small farm two miles away from Mayfield, and had been all his life a hard-working and industrious man—a bit of a sportsman, he bred young horses, and kept a pack of harriers, and was seldom known to fail to put in an appearance at the covert-side on a winter morning, mounted on his gray cob, on which he went as gaily about his rounds as any of the hunting gentry about. People thought highly of him at Mayfield, and many a careful father would have asked no better fate for his girl than to see her the wife of the stalwart young farmer.

Ever since May last year however Tom's heart had been fixed upon the maiden at Mayfield Farm. In accordance with the customs of rural districts, Kathleen had accepted him as her "young man." He walked with her on Sunday afternoons; he brought her cuttings for her garden and helped her to prune and tend her rose-trees; he had set her terrier dog when he had been run over by the butcher's cart; and he never failed to present her with some simple offering when he came home from the town or market day. Kathleen liked the homage and the attention, and she liked the man too in a gentle, sisterly sort of way; but she had never entered into her thoughts, nor had such a climax as marriage been ever mentioned between them.

But, as to Tom Darley, he loved her with all his heart and soul. Hitherto, knowing how young and gentle and innocent she was, he had never dared to breathe a word of his passion to her, believing that time and constant association would gradually win him. More-over, he was still a struggling man, and scarcely in a position to marry yet. There was no house on the land which he farmed, and Tom lodged in a cottage belonging to one of his laborers. He knew that he would have to work very hard for some years more before he would do a man as Farmer Dobson would give him his only child—and such a tenderly-nurtured child as was dainty little Kathleen. Still he had been quite content to wait, and had been happy enough with the privileges he had won from his lady-love; and all the good elements in him had flourished and thriven in the companionship of the girl he loved.

Then like a thunder-clap out of heaven came

the awful news upon poor Tom—Kathleen was not Farmer Dobson's child at all, but the only daughter and heiress of the rich and great Lord Elwyn, whose country place lay twenty miles away, just over the border of the adjoining county, and who was as far above Tom Darley's reach as though he had been a veritable king.

And Kathleen—his little Kathie no longer—was to go away to her new kingdom, to be a princess amongst the great ones of the earth, and the dream of his life was shattered!

During that sad last week he had met her many times and pleaded with her often, and Kathleen had wept and wailed; for she was very unhappy—not so much because of leaving Tom, although Tom came incidentally amongst the people and things she was sorry to leave, but because of all that she had loved and been used to all her life which she would have to give up for ever.

"Don't go—don't go!" he had pleaded brokenly over and over again, as he held her small hands clasped hard in his; and for the first two days of the week Kathleen had been brave and determined, and had answered back boldly—"I promise you I won't. I will not go!"

But as the days went on her resistance became feeble and she began to realize that she would have to go.

And now the last even was come, and Tom had walked over to meet her for the last time and to wish her good-bye. He was very bitter and sore, and desperately miserable; and so for the first time spoke to her about his love.

"He has no right to take you away from me," he said angrily. "I love you, Kathleen—I have loved you for a long time! I want you to be my wife some day!"

Kathleen looked at him timidly and doubtfully. There was no answering throb in her heart as she listened to the first words of love which had ever been spoken to her. She was only very unhappy, and considerably troubled.

The little pink wild roses in the hedgerow came straggling over the top of the gate against which they were leaning, one on either side of it. Kathleen picked one and laid it softly against her cheek.

"Oh, no, Tom—I don't think that would do at all!" she answered, with a little distress. This avowal of affection did not seem to do her any good—only to make things more difficult.

"I don't care," she said. "I don't suppose it would ever be allowed, Tom," she said doubtfully. "You see it's not as if dear old daddy were my father."

"Oh, you needn't remind me of that!" he cried angrily. "I know very well that you are not Kathie Dobson any longer, but the Honorable Kathleen Elwyn—a great lady—a fine stuck-up!"

"Oh, Tom, how can you be so unkind? As if my not being Kathleen Dobson made any difference to my old friends! But don't you see I shall have to obey Lord Elwyn now!"

"And what has Lord Elwyn got to do with you and me, Kathleen! Look here, darling," he cried, with sudden emotion, catching hold of her hands—"if all this hadn't happened—if you were Kathie Dobson still—wouldn't you and I have been fond of each other—would you not some day have promised to marry me? Would you not, Kathleen?"

Kathleen twisted her wild-rose about in her fingers. "I don't know," she said. "I don't know if I should have said yes or no; but I think I should have said yes."

"Then, if you liked me the best, you would have been my wife some day?"

"I—I suppose so," answered Kathleen slowly.

"Then why should Lord Elwyn or anybody come between us?"

"Oh, but, Tom, I should not be allowed to marry whom I like now!" interrupted Kathleen. His line of argument began to frighten her.

"When you are twenty-one, you will be able to do as you like—you will be of age, and nobody will have any power to stop you!" he urged hotly.

"Are you quite sure, Tom?"

"Yes, quite sure, dear—it's the law of the land! So now, if you will promise to marry me when you are twenty-one, I will trust in you and be content to wait for you till then. Give me your promise, Kathleen!"

She gave a little gasp. It was all so bewildering, and Tom was so excited; he held her hands so hard—so very hard—that he hurt her fingers, and his face was so red and his eyes were so bright with a strange gleam in them, she was half afraid of him.

"Promise me, Kathleen—promise me!" he urged again. "Promise to marry me when you are twenty-one."

Seventeen to twenty-one—four whole years! It seemed almost a lifetime; and Tom said he would be content to wait if she promised! Four years was a very long time—so long that it did not seem that it would matter very much what the undertook to do at so remote a period.

Poor little Kathleen! She was very young and very ignorant, and her head ached from fretting and troubling, and her eyes were smarting and burning from the many tears she had shed.

It seemed an easy way out of this trouble, at all events, to let poor Tom ask her. She would promise, and then perhaps he would not scold her so much for going away—and it was so hard that he should scold her for what she could not help. So it came to pass that Kathleen Elwyn, in an evil hour, promised to marry Tom Darley as soon as she was twenty-one.

When he had wrung her reluctant words from her trembling lips, Tom tried to kiss her; but that was too much for her. A sense of dismay—almost of disgust and loathing—overpowered her. She pushed him away angrily with all the strength of her little hands.

"No, no, no!" she cried wildly. "Not that—not that! Never, never!"—and she burst into a temper of passionate sobbing that shook her slender frame from head to foot.

Altogether, the love-idyl in the rose-embowered lane was not at all that such love-idyls are wont to be.

Tom, when he saw the girl's emotion was ashamed of himself. He begged her pardon in a rough boorish way, and stood by her awkwardly enough, looking the picture of discomfort.

"Give me that flower, anyhow!" he pleaded humbly when she had recovered herself a little. And Kathleen gave it to him; and he took out his pocket book—bulging with wheat samples, with flies, and with fish hooks—and pressed the little wild rose between two vacant pages.

"That's a love troth between you and me," he said seriously. "When the day comes that I send you that dried flower, Kathleen—then you'll know that I am coming to claim my promise of you!"

She made no answer as they began to walk up the lane towards the Farm together, but she said to herself, as she walked, that that day was a very long way off, that hundreds of things might happen between this and then, and that anyhow Tom would not go on troubling her for the present.

"I have been very kind to him," said the girl to herself, in her utter ignorance, "and I've quite satisfied him and made him easy; and I don't say, after I am gone, he will forget all about me and take up with Mary Davis at the grocer's shop—she is a nice girl, and was always fond of Tom—when I am out of the way, I dare say he will take up with her."

It was not quite in accordance with these comfortable plans for Tom's future however that, just as they got inside the Farm garden, Tom Darley stood still in front of the bee hives and looked at her with a strange lowering brow.

"There's one thing more, Kathie, I must say to you before we part. I shan't perhaps say you often; but I shall know all about you, and what you are doing; and, if ever I hear of any

other man daring to make up to you or trying to steal you from me, by the Heaven above us I swear to you that I will kill that man, whoever he may be—I'll kill him as I would kill the vermin in the fields!"

For a moment the man's face was awful in its intensity—a savage gleam lit up the rough-hewn features with an evil glow, the mouth coarsened and broadened, the eyes seemed to shrink and fall away beneath the strongly-marked angry brows.

Kathleen drew back from him with a vague terror—she knew not what she feared, and yet she was frightened—and in her pale face and scared eyes Tom beheld the reflection of his own madness.

In an instant he had chased away the evil spirit and was himself once more. "Do not look so frightened, darling—for, of course, there will be no one!" he said, trying to take her hand, and laughing uneasily.

"Tom, that was very wicked of you to say that!" she answered a little breathlessly; and she kept her hands well out of his reach. "I do hope you will never talk about killing people again—it is terrible! And what would Mr. Englefield say?"

"Human nature was made before persons!" he answered carelessly, shrugging his shoulders; and Kathleen shivered a little.

That look upon Tom Darley's face, transient as it was, had been a revelation to her. She had never known before that any one could look so malignantly wicked. "I shall dream about it!" she thought shudderingly.

When they got to the porch door, she turned round and forced herself to give him her hand. When she looked at him, he was the good Tom Darley again who had always been kind and affectionate to her. It was difficult to believe that that other glimpse of a terrible hidden nature had been caught but a dream.

"Dear Kathleen, you will be true to me, will you not? You will not forget me?" he said gently.

"Oh, Tom, I suppose so, of course!" she replied, with a little impatience. It seemed so selfish of him to urge his own claims upon her so much when he was so good to her. And his loving old wife for whom her heart was chiefly torn and aiven. "No one else is likely to want to marry me when I am twenty-one, I suppose!" she added, half laughing at what seemed to her to be a ridiculous question.

The dark cloud crossed his face again. "But, if any one does—then you will remember what I have sworn to do!"

"On, Tom, you are horrible!" she cried, putting her fingers into her ears; and with a half-laugh which was almost hysterical she ran away from him into the house.

That was not the last that Kathleen saw of Tom Darley.

The next morning Lord Elwyn's brougham stood at the door of Mayfield Farm to convey her to Clortell Towers. No one came with it—only the two servants and a note from Lord Elwyn to his daughter expressing his regret that an attack of gout prevented his fetching her himself and his hope that she was by this time convinced that it was her duty to accede to his wishes concerning her.

Kathleen's modest luggage was hoisted on to the top. The old people strained her to their hearts and kissed and blessed her and bade her be with her. The servants crowded the little hall, weeping and holding out their hands to her; the farm laborers had gathered on the drive to give her a parting cheer; and many a friendly face from cottage and village showed that she was to be missed.

Poor little great lady! Half fainting, they lifted her into the brougham and shut the door upon herself and her grandeur. And then she sprang forward and leaned out of the window, with the blinding tears streaming down her cheeks, to wave a farewell to all the dear faces she was leaving behind forever; and, when the carriage rolled out of the gate and she turned the corner, the flutter of her little white handkerchief was the last that they saw of her as she was borne away rapidly along the road.

But when the horses slackened speed at the steep hill-side half a mile beyond the village, a man who had been waiting patiently eluding the hedgerow for the last hour sprang forward and stalked quickly along by the side of the carriage.

"You will not forget, Kathleen, that you are bound to marry me!" he said in a low voice.

"Oh, Tom, why do you bother me

The New Academy of Music.

A pile of half a million bricks, and the foundations now above the ground, are evidences that the promoters of this enterprise really mean business. Several important departures have been made from the original plans. The scheme now embraces a music hall larger and better than any in the city, an art gallery for exhibition of paintings, assembly rooms for public and private balls, and a finely decorated ball room 45 x 72 with supper room and drawing-room en suite, elegantly furnished. It is expected that these premises, being quite distant from the music hall, will be in demand for "at homes," weddings, receptions and balls. An annual exhibition of paintings will be held, to be known as the Academy of Music Exhibition of Paintings. The first of these takes place next October, when, besides contributions from Canadian artists, some valuable paintings from New York by well known artists have been promised.

A New Club.

Nothing shows the metropolitan character of this city more than the growth of its clubs. Excepting the political clubs no attempt has been made to give a particular bias or limit the fellowship of these clubs to any particular trades or professions. A proposal is now being discussed, and a committee has been appointed to consider the advisability of forming a new club on somewhat Bohemian lines, to embrace those engaged in artistic, literary and dramatic pursuits. A feature of the proposed club will be the home line for every Saturday night. The entrance fees and annual subscriptions will be low, to meet the popular idea of artists' and writers' pockets. The gentlemen in the new Artists' Club are also moving in this matter, which will give a military tone to the project.

The Berlitz School of Languages, 81 King street east, is doing every day more frequent by the most fashionable ladies and gentlemen of the city. Now courses are always beginning. Instruction is given privately and in classes by the well-known Berlitz Method.

His First Hansom.



Cabby.—Hansom, sir?
Ucle Silas (from Wayback).—Waal, ye-ee; if ye let me get in front an' drive, I don't like the looks of that little hind seat, up thar!—Puck.

Sea Costumes.

Already has the exodus to Europe begun; and, departing for a moment from the wide range of "daisy" costumes, let us touch briefly upon the narrower one of traveling suits. The wise woman provides herself with two voyaging dresses, one tastefully elaborate, which she wears the day the steamer sails, and in which she waves adieu to her friends, and then stores carefully away in the depths of her steamer trunk, to be drawn forth again the day land is sighted; the other a sterner dress, proper. This should be fashioned of dark blue or some small-checked cloth, trimmed with stitching and braid, and sufficiently easy in every way to allow the wearer to recline comfortably—always in expectation of the dread word "dinner"—in a steamer chair. Then, there is the indispensable ulster, or the Connemara cloak finds here a legitimate use; with a close cap of cloth, together with such useful accessories as a loose flannel wrapper, for comfort in the state room, heavy worsted slippers, lap-rug and cushions.

C. P. R. Pacific Coast Excursions.

The next of Callaway's specially-conducted excursions, for Vancouver, Victoria and all points in Oregon, Washington Territory and California leaves Toronto at 11 p.m., on 26th inst., and will run through to destination, without change in the celebrated tourist sleepers. A large and select party left the Union Station on Friday, April 12, under the care of Mr. E. R. Dransfield, one and all of whom expressed themselves as being well pleased with the arrangements made for their comfort and convenience on the journey. Intending passengers should make early application for tickets, berths, etc., so that the necessary accommodation may be reserved.

A notice of a visit to the dressmaking parlors of the Misses E. & H. Johnston, on their opening day was unavoidably crowded out last week. The tasteful display made by this enterprising firm attracted a great many ladies of wealth and fashion.

Possessed of an intuitive knowledge and extreme good taste in regard to gentlemen's wearing apparel, Mr. Henry A. Taylor has drawn about his establishment thousands of the best dressed men of the land and his reputation has become national. A large number of the bankers, politicians, professional men, manufacturers and merchants, not only of Toronto, but all parts of the Dominion, depend almost entirely upon the judgment and taste of this artist in this special department of trade for the clothes they wear. One of the best dressed men in our city once remarked, "This man Taylor is a most remarkable person. It is a fact, in building garments he can make a short man look taller, a tall man shorter, a thin man thicker, and a thick man thinner. You may not believe this, but it is true. Taylor's clothes are always faultless as to style and fit, and a man who wears a Taylor suit always feels well dressed." Mr. Taylor is aided by the fact that he always carries an endless variety of cloths of every description and design, his knowledge does not come from books alone, although he is a close reader. He gets his ideas in a large measure from observation. Each year he visits the principal cities in the United States where he observes the clothes worn by the best dressed men of the

nation and foreign countries as well. These ideas he formulates to the advantage of his own trade as occasion requires. Mr. Taylor possesses a rare combination of artistic skill and ingenuity in building a garment and his clothes are the perfection of style, ease, grace and comfort. He invites his friends and the public generally to give him a call this season, when he insures entire satisfaction. Remember the West End Tailor, 119 King street west, Toronto.

A Beautiful Easter Gift.

Eight beautiful studies of birds and flowers, put up in portfolio, worth at least \$2, for 30c., post free. Address Frederick J. Prior, Toronto, Ont.

That well known establishment, 49 King street west, lately occupied by Messrs. F. Qua & Co., has changed hands, and with its change of ownership has been refitted and refurnished with a large and specially selected stock of toys, games and fancy goods. It is now known by the appropriate name of the Palace Novelty Emporium.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.
BURWASH—On April 12, at Annapolis, Mrs. Burwash—a daughter.
KING—On April 8, at Toronto, Mrs. Edmund E. King—a daughter.
MARTIN—On April 13, at Kincardine, Mrs. R. Martin of Toronto—a daughter.
O'NEILL—On April 13, at Toronto, Mrs. A. Fred B. Owen—a daughter.
MILLS—On April 14, at Toronto, Mrs. G. G. Mills—a daughter.
WILSON—On April 14, at Toronto, Mrs. G. M. Wilson—a daughter.
WARREN—On April 11, at Toronto, Mrs. H. D. Warren—a daughter.
FLYNN—On April 11, at Toronto, Mrs. Daniel Flynn—a daughter.
CULSON—On April 9, at New York, Mrs. W. J. Coulson—a son.
RUBERTSON—On April 2, at Toronto, Mrs. Alex. J. Rubertson—a daughter.
MANNING—On April 6, at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Mrs. James Manning—a daughter.
CROOKER—On April 13, at Toronto, Mrs. Alexander Crook—a daughter.
HALLIDAY—On April 10, at Toronto, Mrs. W. L. Halliday—a son.
SLOAN—On April 16, at Toronto, Mrs. J. Sloan—a daughter.
COLWELL—On April 16, at Toronto, Mrs. A. H. Colwell—a son.
LESTER—On April 17, at Toronto, Mrs. W. H. Lester—a daughter.
REDDICK—On April 15, at Port Hope, Mrs. D. Reddick—a daughter.

Marriages.

FAIRBAIN—MILLS—On April 11, at Toronto, William Henry Fairbairn of Toronto, to Edith Helen Mills of Peterborough.
SPARKS—WILLIAMS—On April 10, at Barrie, Walter Sparks to Ada D. A. Williams.
WALLACE—McCLUER—On April 10, at Scarborough Junction, Alex. Wallace, to Maggie McCluer.
MORSE—ROBINSON—On April 16, at Toronto, Wm. Morse to Maud M. Robinson.
MACLEAN—RING—On April 16, at Ottawa, James H. Maclean of Toronto, to Dora Ring.
BRISLEY—BROADWOOD—On April 15, at Toronto, G. W. Brisley to Catharine E. Broadwood of Barnes, Surrey, England.
WATSON—NAISMITH—On April 11, at North Dumfries, Robert Watson to Mary Naismith.

Deaths.

CLARK—On April 15, at Dundas, Mary Isabel Clark.
ELLIS—On April 15, at Hyeres, France, Norah Maud Ellis of Cheltenham, England.
KIRKPATRICK—On April 16, at Dublin, J. Ruthford Kirkpatrick, M.D., F.R.S., aged 57 years.
KIELY—At Toronto, Marie Kiely.
HOLLAND—On April 16, at Toronto, George B. Holland, aged 73 years.
POYSER—On April 16, at Bradford, William Poyser, aged 69 years.
CAMERON—On April 11, at Toronto, Mrs. Malcolm Cameron, aged 70 years.
JOLLIFFE—On April 11, at Bradford, Mrs. T. W. Jolliffe.
MITCHELL—On March 23, at Southampton, England, wife of Rev. Dr. Mitchell.
ROCHE—On April 11, at Toronto, Septimus Roche, aged four months.
ROSE—On April 9, at Fergus, Elizabeth Hardwick Rose.
SOUTHERN—On April 6, at Niagara Falls South, Geo. H. Southern, aged 67 years.
WILSON—On April 11, at Toronto, Wm. I. Wilson, aged 42 years.
FORBES—On April 13, at Toronto, John Forbes, aged 82 years.
JONES—On April 14, at Milton, Mrs. Benjamin Jones, aged 63 years.
YORKE—On April 13, at Toronto, Lionel Yorke, contractor, aged 65 years.
MATHIESON—On April 14, at Toronto, Bessie Mathieson.
MICHAEL—On April 14, at Toronto, Mrs. John Michael, aged 21 years.
CREIGHTON—On April 12, at Quebec, Walter Lindsay Creighton, manager of the Bank of Montreal.
KELSO—On April 12, at Toronto, May Kelso.
SCOTT—On April 11, at Toronto, James Amour Scott, aged 78 years.
FOSTER—On April 15, at Toronto, Mrs. Sarah Jane Foster.
FLETCHER—On April 10, at St. Catharines, Hugh R. Fletcher, aged 75 years.
AITKEN—On April 14, at Tottenham, Mrs. Hannah Maria Aitken, aged 57 years.
NUNN—On April 15, at King, Jessie Nunn, aged 63 years.
PUGH—On April 12, at Orangeville, Edith Jane Pugh, aged 38 years.
CHRISTOLM—On April 16, at St. Catharines, Mrs. Louisa Christolm, aged 65 years.

Grand Opera House

Week Commencing Monday, April 22

Matinees on Wednesday & Saturday

Mr. Ariel Barney presents MR.

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and { In Its Entirety.
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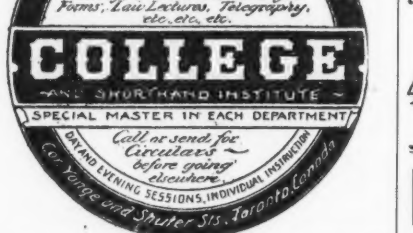
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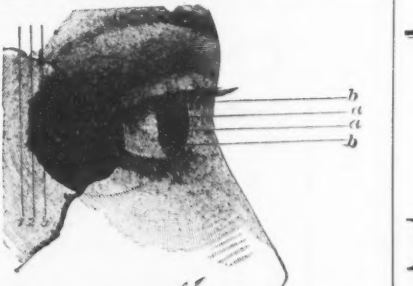
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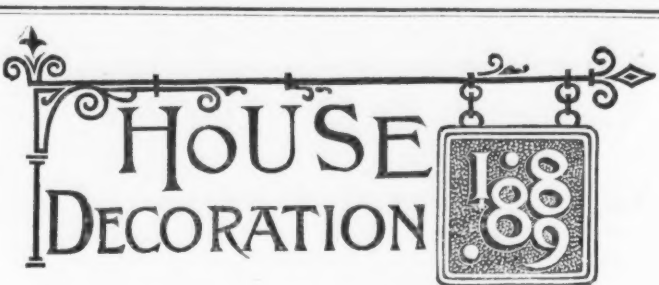
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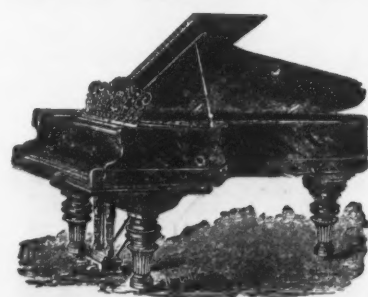
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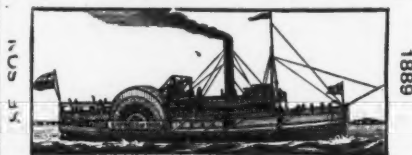
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